

NOTES OF A
FORTY ONE YEARS'
PASTORATE

BY
GEORGE CALFAX BALDWIN

D.D.



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NOTES

OF A

FORTY-ONE YEARS' PASTORATE.

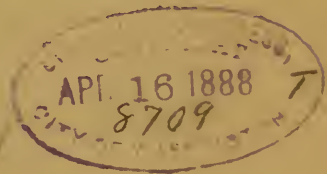
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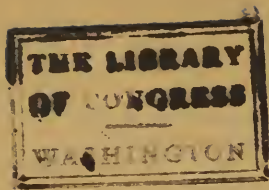
GEORGE COLFAX BALDWIN, D. D.,

TROY, N. Y.

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DEDICATION.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, TROY, N. Y.,
WHICH I HAD THE HONOR OF SERVING AS PASTOR
FROM 1844 TO 1885.

I thank God "for your fellowship in the gospel, from the first day until now."

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." . . . "They shall prosper that love thee."

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

G. C. B.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE READER.

Whoever you are, God bless you, and grant that this book, which is an outline of some of the ways he has led, and some of the lessons he has taught, one of his servants, may interest and profit you. It originated in the desire of my family for a memorial, and, in their judgment, that it would be honoring to our adorable Lord. That desire and judgment became decisive, when I was assured that they were concurred in by eminent brethren, among whom I am permitted to mention the President and Theological Professors of Madison University, my Alma Mater. In writing it, the temptation was strong to deal in generalities—such as the wonderful events which have occurred in our country during this pastorate, the growth and present condition of the city in which it was spent, the progress of Christianity throughout the world, and references to leading ministers, the most of whom I knew ; for I have canonized in my memory and heart the names of three hundred and fifty-seven Baptist ministers, with whom I was personally acquainted, who have died during the last forty-one years. What I believe to have been a wiser judgment, was the decision to confine myself to “Notes of a Forty-one Years’ Pastorate,” and making it

as impersonal as I could, record only such facts as would illustrate truths or emphasize duties.

In this pastorate there were few specialties worthy of record ; but the length of its duration made it exceptional, and the action of the church at its close is unprecedented, so far as I know, in the history of our churches. To that I ask special attention. By it I hope that pious young men will be encouraged to enter the ministry ; young pastors stimulated to patient continuance in locations where God has placed them ; and churches induced—according to their ability—to deal similarly toward old pastors, whose official lives have been consecrated to their service.

I wish in this connection to bear to you three testimonies. One relates to the gospel. With another, I testify that, at thirty, after examining as best I could the philosophies and religions of the world, I said : “ Nothing is better than the gospel of Christ.” At forty, when burdens began to press heavily, and years seemed to hasten, I said : “ Nothing is so good as the gospel.” At fifty, when there were empty chairs in my home, and mound-builders had done me service, I said : “ There is nothing to be compared to the gospel.” At sixty, when my second sight saw through the illusions and vanity of earthly things, I said : “ There is nothing but the gospel.” At seventy, amid many limitations and deprivations, I sing :

Should all the forms which men devise
Attack my faith, with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Clearer than ever, I now see the wisdom of the last words of "The Will" of Patrick Henry, the Virginian orator. They were these: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; but there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; if they have it not, they will be poor, even if I had given them the whole world."

With the great and good Rev. Dr. Brown, I truthfully say: "Little as I know of Christ—and I am ashamed that I know so little—I would not give it up for the learning of ten thousand universities."

Chateaubriand said: "I never saw Washington but once; but that one look inspired me for life."

Even so, one believing look at him who is "the chief among ten thousand," at him in whom "all human and divine glories meet and shine," will arouse any soul to purest, loftiest aspirations, holiest living, and most God-honoring, world-blessing efforts.

At Waterloo, in a critical juncture, Wellington ordered an officer to charge upon and take a strong position held by the enemy, from which he was doing dreadful execution. The task seemed almost hopeless. The officer hesitated a moment, and then said:

"General, let me feel once more the pressure of your victorious hand, and I will take that stronghold."

Even so one pressure of the scarred hand of the conquering "Captain of our Salvation" will inspire a heroism that will not quail before any danger in the path of loyalty to duty.

When that heroic martyr, Jerome of Prague, was bound to the stake for the testimony of Jesus, he saw the executioner creeping up behind him to fire the fagots, and exclaimed :

“Come round in front and light them. If I had been afraid of your fire, I had not been here to-day.”

Another testimony relates to the ministry. After a long pastorate in one church, with all of its varied experiences, and observation of all other spheres of life, I am fully satisfied that no position on earth is so desirable as that of “a good minister of our Lord Jesus Christ;” that no other vocation secures so reliably all needed temporal good, opens so widely all the avenues of social life, or affords such aids to self-culture, character-building, and opportunities of service to humanity. The great Italian artist, Corregio, once stood enraptured before a grand painting, and joyfully exclaimed, “Thank God, I, too, am a painter.” So, when I remember that the world’s Redeemer was a minister; that many of the grandest men who have ever lived have been ministers; that the class of men that have done most for the spiritual elevation of our race is the ministry; that to them have been specially committed the oracles of God; that the men of largest influence, most loved and honored, are worthy ministers of the gospel,—my heart exclaims, with an intensity of enthusiasm greater than that of Corregio, “Thank God, I, too, am a minister.” In no other position or profession in this world can any one, however great his abilities or success, truthfully utter expressions like these: “In all things approving our-

selves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well-known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

Is it any wonder that, at the close of such a career, Paul could look his fierce executioner steadily in the face, and triumphantly say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness?"

Finally, I wish you to know that, as my eventide deepens, I find my heart spontaneously saying, with increasing fervor, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"—of all classes—everywhere; and growing more and more tender in its love for and sympathy with Christians of all names, ministers of the gospel, and specially young pastors, and students for the ministry. They will allow "an elder" to exhort them to remember these fine lines of Whittier:

"To suffer is sublime.

Pass the watchword down the line—

Pass the countersign—"Endure."

Not to him who rashly dares,

But to him who nobly bears,

Is the victor's garland sure.

"Self-ease is pain, the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end ;
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace."

For them I pray, that they may "be filled with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding ; that they may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God ; strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, *unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.*"

Yours in Christ,

GEO. C. BALDWIN.

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1887.

PART FIRST.

PRELIMINARIES.

“Yon stream whose sources run,
Turned by a pebble’s edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun,
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

“The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening’s ocean, with the tangled braid,
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

“So, from the heights of Will,
Life’s parting streams descend,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each winding current bends.

“From the same cradle’s side,
From the same mother’s knee,
One, to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea.”

O. W. HOLMES.

NOTES

OF A

FORTY-ONE YEARS' PASTORATE.

PART FIRST.

PRELIMINARIES.

I.

FOUR COUSINS.—A MECHANIC; A FARMER; A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES; AND A MINISTER.

More than sixty years ago, four cousins were accustomed to spend their vacations together at Pompton, New Jersey. They were the grandsons of General William Colfax, who during the Revolutionary War was commandant of Washington's Body-guard, lived in his family as a private secretary, and was a favorite of Mrs. Washington, from whom he received presents, which are treasured by his descendants. The oldest of these boys was William Colfax Berry. He was also the strongest, physically and mentally. But his father was a distiller; and the picture of his "still"—with its winding, brazen "worm," is

vivid to me now—for it looked to my young eyes like a snake, although I did not know then, as I know now, that it was a fit symbol of that which “biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,” and prepares souls to become the victims of “the worm that never dieth.” He died of intemperance, and his son, in early life, became a mechanic; but soon followed his father to a dishonored grave, from the same cause. The next in age was William Washington Colfax, who became a successful farmer, an active politician, a useful citizen; but died in middle-life, of heart disease. The third was Schuyler Colfax, whose career has few equals. Early left an orphan, becoming a clerk at eleven years of age, he worked in a store and on a farm until he was twenty-one, and then devoted himself to newspapers and politics. He was elected to three successive Congresses, and thrice to the position of Speaker, in which he rivaled the fame of Henry Clay; and, after General Grant, was the most prominent candidate for the Presidency. But, alas! that triumphant career was prematurely brought to an end, by an unexpected disaster. On the single charge of having received two hundred dollars as a dividend, on a small portion of “Credit Mobilier” stock, he was politically ruined. In simple justice to his memory, I state two facts. After his death, while

absent from home, was found on his person a letter addressed to his wife, which closes thus :

When our little boy is old enough to understand all this ; if he knows anything of the base and bitter calumny to which his father was subjected by enemies and ingrates ; he will realize what an honest and faithful servant received for twenty years of the prime of his life given to the service of his country ; and that all that sustained me during that wild storm of calumny was the knowledge that God, at the last day, would make my honesty and truthfulness known to all men, and that my wife knew it, and confided to the utmost in

Her loving and devoted husband,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

The last time he visited me we sat and talked on family and general topics until a very late hour of the night. Suddenly, he exclaimed :

“ George, why don't you ask me about the Credit Mobilier ? ”

I replied, that I did not care to do so, unless he introduced it. Then, with solemnity, he asked :

“ Do you believe that I am a Christian ? ”

“ Most assuredly I do,” I responded.

“ Well then,” he said, “ you know the meaning I attach to the words I now utter. I stake my hope of heaven on my perfect innocence of ever receiving

one cent of the money they charged me with having received from Oakes Ames."

I believed him, despite the unfavorable circumstances which were connected with his case—because those circumstances were not incompatible with innocence. And I could not believe that a man of his life-long integrity and piety, could or would have volunteered at midnight, in the solitude of my study, such a statement, had it not been absolutely true.

The only survivor of those four cousins was the son of James L. Baldwin, M. D., and he became a minister. The following "Notes" are of his pastorate.

II.

A WAYSIDE OPPORTUNITY IMPROVED.

"That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any physical fact."—GEORGE BANCROFT.

"There are few important events in the lives of men, brought about by their own choice."—GEN. GRANT.

The truths expressed in these quotations are illustrated in every life, whether lowly or exalted. When a child at Paterson, New Jersey, I was sent by my mother to gather chips, with which she might kindle a fire. While thus employed, a young man, pass-

ing along, stopped, and in a kind voice asked, if I went to Sunday-school? I replied in the negative. He then inquired if I would not be willing to go to the Baptist Sunday-school? Our family were all connected with the Dutch Reformed Church, for which I have retained, through all my life, a tender veneration. I had never heard of Baptists, and distinctly remember that I wondered what kind of people they could be. But the interest which this stranger took in me touched my young heart; and I told him I would go, if my mother was willing. She consented, on condition that he would come on Lord's Day, and take her little boy to his school, and show him some attention, while he would be among entire strangers. He did so, and led me to the school in which I was converted, and to the church by which I was licensed to preach the gospel. By the improvement of that literally wayside opportunity my whole life and church associations were determined. May multitudes follow the example of Andrew Hopper. It was a joy to me that subsequently he himself became a minister, and pastor of several churches in New Jersey. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

III.

FIRST PASTOR.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. 12: 3.

Of that early disciple, Barnabas, it is not related that he had impulsive energy, like Peter; or intuitive spirituality, like John; or judicial mindedness, like James; or genius, like Paul; but it is recorded of him, that "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith"; and that through his influence, "many were added to the Lord." What a sublime eulogium that is! He must have been good, not merely in some characteristics and relationships, but goodness must have permeated his entire manhood and life; and that, not through the evolution of natural virtues, but by the sanctification of the Divine Spirit. No wonder, therefore, that he was influential and successful.

With gratitude, I apply these words to my beloved first pastor, Elder Zelotes Grenell. He was religiously "a good man," and "through him" very many "were added to the Lord." With few educational advantages, but with exceptional natural abilities, and continuous study of the Bible, he became eminent as

a preacher and pastor. He believed the Bible to be, what Dr. Talmage called it: "The hive of all sweetness; the armory of all reliable weapons; the tower which contains the crown jewels; the lamp that kindles all other true lights; the home of all majesties and splendors; the marriage-ring that unites the terrestrial with the celestial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky, hovering around, rejoice at the nuptials."

His active ministry extended over seventy-five years, during which he preached ten thousand sermons, and baptized one thousand converts! He was one of the best skeletonizers I ever knew. His method was, not "to preach from a text"; but to evolve, illustrate, and apply the truth in a text—to preach its heart into the hearts of his hearers. In his biography by his son, published by "The North New Jersey Baptist Association," is found the following, written by myself:

"Both Mrs. Baldwin and I loved your father, as our father in the gospel, who baptized us, and was our first pastor. The coming to us of your honored father, in the prime of his stalwart manhood, his energy in the pulpit, his touching pathos and loving earnestness, surprised us, and soon won our admiration. In fact we were amazed at his enthusiasm,

mental and spiritual resources, power of endurance—preaching regularly three times on Sunday—and the persistency of his zeal in winning souls. He was in truth, ‘a good minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ With tenderest, grateful affection, I pay this slight tribute to the memory of one to whom I owe so much.”

IV.

NEW DEPARTURES.

“I will lead them in paths that they have not known.”
—ISAIAH 42: 16.

Soon after my baptism, while a clerk in a store, out of a desire to fit myself for usefulness, grew a purpose to obtain an education, which resulted in my teaching a small school in Pompton, my native town. There my uncle, Dr. W. W. Colfax, told me that if I would become a Dutch Reformed minister, there would be no difficulty in my going through college and seminary. His pastor preached three sermons for my special benefit on “Baptism: Its Subjects and Mode.” I could not answer his arguments, and did not try to; but listened with reverent attention to his private, as

well as public instructions, because I knew that he was sincerely interested in me. But the two fundamental ideas I had learned in Sunday-school—believers the only proper subjects of baptism, and symbolic burial and resurrection the only proper mode—had taken such root in my mind, that neither his sermons or private arguments moved them a hair's-breadth. The good man gave up his effort when, one day in his study, after he had dwelt upon the modern origin of Baptists, I took from his shelf "Mosheim's Church History," which was then a standard work, of which I had read only a small portion, and showed him this passage: "The history of the Baptists is hid in the remote depths of antiquity."

In those days there was a romantic interest among Baptists in "The Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution," which now bears the title of "Madison University." Its origin, in 1817, when thirteen men formed "The Baptist Education Society of the State of New York," and having each contributed one dollar, they all knelt and asked God to accept and prosper their sacred enterprise; the stimulus which had been given by this action to the subject of ministerial education throughout our denomination; the missionaries who went out from it to the East and the

West; the trained pastors it was providing for our churches at home; and, specially, its facilities for aiding poor young men, who, licensed by the churches, desired educational preparation for the ministry,—all these facts brought "The Institution" very close to the hearts of a majority of our people. With a small amount of money, but with rich benedictions from my pastor and church, I went to Hamilton—not being acquainted with a single person in the State of New York. On my way there, an incident occurred which influenced my life. I call it, "Caging Birds." While standing, sad and lonely, on the bow of the North River steamboat, an old man came and spoke kindly to me, inquiring who I was, and whither I was going. He gave me much good advice. One thing was this: "Young man, good thoughts, truths, and illustrations are like birds, which, when you get them, must be caged, or they will certainly fly away." Acting on that suggestion, my note books, for working purposes, have been the most useful of all my library.

V.

FAILURE IN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY.

My success as a student was sadly indifferent. Three causes contributed to that result. One was a permanent weakness of my eyes, on account of which I have never used them more than two hours a day. Another was a lack of the power of concentration, which made it impossible to fix my attention. This, in the latter part of my course, was helped by a phrenologist, who, upon examining my head, found a depression, where, as indicative of concentrativeness, there should have been an elevation, and exclaimed :

“Young man, you can never become a real student, nor succeed on any other line of life.” That announcement greatly depressed me; upon seeing which he said : “Stop, let me examine your other organs.” And, having done so, he reported the presence of other faculties, which, he said, if I had sufficient will-power, would enable me to overcome my constitutional defect.

Emerson declared that our chief trouble is “infirmity of will”; and “our chief need is some power which shall make us do what we can.” Painfully conscious of my need, I resolved to use faithfully what will-power I had, and daily prayed that God

would "strengthen me by his might in the inner man." The success attending this effort is seen in the length of my pastorate, if not in the depth and width of my attainments. And that success has indicated in my mind the justice of our adorable Creator, in holding to responsibility all different organizations; for he has placed in all of them power which, if rightly used, by his gracious, proffered aid, will enable all to obey his righteous will.

The chief cause, however, of my failure, was a restless desire to get into the active work of the ministry. That, I now see, was a delusion and a snare, although at the time I was conscientious in regard to it. I thought of the needs of a dying world, that souls might perish through lack of what I might do for them, that I could pursue studies after settlement as pastor; that I was poor, and it was wrong to incur debt; that I could preach well enough to satisfy an ordinary church. I have long since ascertained that all of that was superficial nonsense, and not the potential causes of my restlessness. The facts were, that I was engaged to be married; had gotten tired of college studies; that I had an over-estimate of my abilities, and an under-estimate of the responsibilities of the ministry. These were the real, although unrecognized, influences which, but for divine interpo-

sition, would have dwarfed my whole life. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, and there may be to this. But in the judgment of all wise, good men, any young man, whatever his abilities, who has been called of God to preach, has as really been called by him to secure the most thorough intellectual, and theological preparation for it that he possibly can; and to neglect the latter is to dishonor the former. Oh! if young men only knew the exhausting drafts made upon pastors by the general intelligence of the people, the demands of all churches, large or small, in the city or the country, by the tremendous oppositions of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to "the truth as it is in Jesus," they would devoutly thank God that our collegiate and seminary courses are so protracted and thorough, and would allow no temptations or sacrifices to prevent them from patiently pursuing and perfectly completing them.

VI.

FIRST PROTRACTED MEETING.

In the spring vacation of 1840, during our Junior Year, learning that a fellow-student—Lawson Murry—who was eminent among us for piety and usefulness, had engaged to conduct a "Protracted Meet-

ing" at Charlestown, Montgomery County, New York, I asked permission to go with him, because I had never attended such a meeting. Circumstances preventing his going at the appointed time, he deputed me to go and commence it. Similar causes preventing his coming, the responsibility devolved exclusively upon me. The Lord so graciously heard our prayers, and blessed the labors of his people, that at the end of two weeks, there were thirty rejoicing converts. Elder Elijah Herrick had been pastor of that church for forty years. He treated the "Hamilton student" with paternal kindness, and chiefly through his influence, the church took action, which is thus recorded in its published history:

In 1840, the church invited George C. Baldwin, a licentiate, to labor as co-pastor with Father Herrick. He was ordained June 17th, and by September had baptized fifty converts. Never were father and son more tenderly attached than Father Herrick and George C. Baldwin. They were truly of one heart, one mind, and one soul—"striving together for the furtherance of the gospel."

After ordination, I was united in marriage with Cynthia M. Jacobs, and we gave a home to my two orphan sisters and brother. My salary was two hundred and fifty dollars per annum; but in that pro-

ductive country, among that very generous people, at the end of two years, when we left them, we had saved a little; and bore with us the good will of the church and community.

VII.

A SHRUNKEN SINEW.

"I am more afraid of my own heart, than of the pope and all of his cardinals."—LUTHER.

"I falter, where I firmly trod."—TENNYSON.

In Genesis, it is recorded that, when the angel who wrestled with Jacob saw that he prevailed not, he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and that the touch was so potential, that a strong sinew shrank; and he not only "halted as he passed over Peniel," but was lame for life. Having been invited by Elder David Corwin, immediately after our precious revival at Charlestown, to assist him in a similar meeting at Gloverville, I had there an experience which corresponds with that of Jacob. I went full of complacent self-confidence; probably thinking that I understood perfectly the whole theory of revivals—knew exactly what must be preached, and precisely what must be done to secure a revival any-

where, at any time. In this spirit I preached, twice each day, the same sermons I had preached at Charlestown, employed exactly the same measures, during two whole weeks; and to my mortified amazement, no spiritual results followed. At that juncture, the pastor's wife, a devoted Christian woman, mournfully exclaimed:

"Alas, Brother Baldwin, we have fished two weeks, and caught nothing."

Through that exclamation, God touched the strong sinew of my self-conceit, and it quickly shrank. Retiring to my room, a horror of great darkness fell upon me, as revelations came clearer and clearer of my guilty ambition, and wicked pride. Literally prostrating myself on the floor, for the first and last time in my life, I gave up my hope that I was a Christian. I could not see how a man could be a true Christian and so dishonor the Holy Spirit, and disgrace the name of Christ. My manhood suggested that there was one thing I could do, which ought to be done; and I did it. At the next service, declining to enter the pulpit, after the introductory services, conducted by the pastor were over, I arose and made frank and full confession of my sin, and took entirely on myself the blame for the public failure of our efforts. The good pastor and the good people wept

like children. Before the close of that service, more than forty unconverted persons asked the church to pray for them ; among them was my own sister, who is now the wife of Samuel Graves, D. D. ; and a widespread genuine revival followed. Ever since, the sinew of my confidence in myself, and in "measures," has remained permanently shrunken.

VIII.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITIONS.

Three months after I left college, our class left ; because Professor Conant was going to Germany, to remain two years. At the expiration of that time he returned, and many of our classmates also returned. Professor G. W. Eaton, who was one of the grandest of men, immediately wrote me a letter, depicting, in his glowing style, that Providence had opened the way for my completing my studies, with my own dear old class, and how disastrous the consequences would be, if I did not avail myself of it. But, I had a family, consisting of six persons, to support, and the church unanimously desired me to remain with them. Father Herrick thought that to go back to Hamilton, under such circumstances, was not merely unnecessary, but presumptuous. My eyes were opened to see my

imperative duty, and precious privilege. Therefore, in the depth of winter, with my family, a fair stock of plain furniture, a barrel of pork, and a barrel of potatoes, and one hundred dollars—which we had saved by small economies—we went hopefully to our “School of the Prophets.” During these two years, our family was supported by what I received for preaching, and by donations of one hundred dollars each from “The New York Baptist Education Society,” and “The New Jersey Baptist Education Society,” of which I here make public and permanent grateful acknowledgments. It was a joy to me that, in some degree, I was enabled to pay the former Society, by doing all I could in securing two scholarships of \$1,200 each, from my devoted friends in Troy, Hon. Jason Osgood, and James Wager, Esq. Through gracious Providential aid, I left Hamilton, owing only one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which was paid in full, with interest, three months after my settlement in Troy.

IX.

A BULLOCK YOKED.

During half of the closing year of our Seminary course, C. P. Sheldon and I regularly supplied “The

Broad Street Baptist Church," at Utica, which, in its new location, is called "The Tabernacle Baptist Church." It had an unusual number of mature and devoted men in its membership, prominent among whom was A. M. Beebee, Esq., who was editor of "The Baptist Register," which, at that time, was a very influential journal. He was a man of large attainments, great practical wisdom, sound judgment, and of saintly spirit. His wife was a most estimable Christian lady, who heartily joined him in extending hospitalities to Hamilton students, which were so cordial that I am sure they cannot be forgotten. Hamilton is twenty-eight miles from Utica ; and during that entire winter we traveled, each alternate week, fifty-six miles over roads sometimes almost impassable, preached twice, and were paid five dollars per Sunday. Both of us, however, were thankful for an opportunity of doing good ; and having left, after paying stage fare, three dollars, which we much needed.

Of that ministry I record an incident which I shall never forget. One Lord's Day morning I announced this text : Jer. 31 : 18—"I was as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke." Directly in front of the pulpit sat a family of highest respectability, who had been specially kind to me. Their name was "Bullock." The identity of their name with that of the

vulgar beast referred to in my text, had not occurred to me. But the moment I announced it—then it flashed like lightning upon me. My face grew hot, my distress great ; because I feared that it might cause them public mortification. But I had to go on, and did so with the humiliating conviction that I was preaching a poor sermon, in a poor way.

Language cannot express my joyful astonishment, upon my next visit, at learning that the Holy Spirit had blessed the truths in that sermon to the conversion of the oldest son of that family, a beautiful young man, whom nothing had ever before reached ! I baptized him ; and, after having lived a Christian life for five years, he died a triumphant Christian death. Forty years afterwards, I visited the bank whence we went down into the baptismal water, and while standing there, recalling the blessed scene, the river seemed to sing : “ Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever ” ; and my soul replied : “ Nay, nay, old historic Mohawk, the time shall come when thy flow shall cease ; but ‘ There is a river, the streams of which now make glad the city of God,’ and it shall flow on forever and forever—yea, ‘ when from heaven’s imperial citadel shall toll the requiem of dear nature, in the tomb of chaos laid.’ ”

PART SECOND.

THE PASTORATE.

“I will give you pastors according to mine heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.”—
JER. 3: 15.

“He gave * * * pastors.”—EPH. 4: 11.

“I have striven amid many frailties, and weaknesses, with all charitableness, to make Westminster Abbey a great centre of religious life.”—DEAN STANLEY, on his death-bed.

PART SECOND.

THE PASTORATE.

I.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE "CALL."

The First Baptist Church, Troy, New York, having been destitute a long time, had seven candidates for its pastorate, neither of whom was satisfactory to a majority ; but their need was such that they had appointed a time for an election. Just then, Rev. Dr. Kendrick, President of "The Literary and Theological Institution" at Hamilton, spent a night with Deacon Calvin Warner in Troy, and was asked by his host if there was not a student under his care on whom the church might unite, "who could come to them, and grow up with them." The doctor replied that there was one who might suit them, but he had already been "called" to both Utica and Schenectady. "However," he added, "as the student preaches in the latter place next Sunday, the brethren might go there and hear him." The good deacon obtained an adjournment of the election, by reminding the church that when Samuel went to the family of Jesse in

search of a king, he did not recognize the divine choice in either of the seven elder sons, but found him in the youngest. It was possible that the Lord had in store for them a correspondency with that historical fact. It is simple truth that, while I was preaching, a dignified stranger entered the church, and I was so impressed that he had come from Troy for me, that I was not at all surprised when, at the close of the service, he told me that such was the case.

I was called to the pastorate of that church July 13th, 1844, and settled immediately after graduation in August.

II.

CHURCH ALTERNATIVES.

“There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.”—1 COR. 12: 6.

After laboring a few months, I became satisfied that the church—while consisting of an excellent membership, chiefly of persons of mature age—needed what physicians say elderly people often need, “a positive alterative.” Therefore, at my advice, they invited Elder Jacob Knapp, the celebrated evangelist, “to come over and help us.” He came and labored with us during several weeks, with spiritual power and

unction. Troy has seldom been so aroused as it was that winter. With Rev. J. N. Maffit in the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and Elder Knapp in ours—there was spiritual thunder “all around the sky.” Our church was thoroughly revived, and large were the additions made to its membership.

My judgment is that most churches need a similar alterative, to break up frigid formalities, and be aroused to aggressive work; that, therefore they ought, at least once in every two or three years, to hold special services, use special means, secure special aid in the person of an experienced minister, who will do among them what Paul urged upon Timothy—“the work of an evangelist.” For this the Lord made provision when “he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists,” as well as “pastors and teachers, for the edifying of the body of Christ.”

I gratefully acknowledge that very much of the success was due to this blessed agency. It is, therefore, with great earnestness that I urge specially upon young pastors this method of employing spiritual alteratives for securing genuine revivals of religion in their own souls, and in their churches. They will learn more in such services about winning souls and arousing dormant church members, than in any other

way. Their experiences in such meetings will admirably complement the theoretical instructions which they received in the Seminaries.

III.

HELPING INQUIRERS.

A Theological Professor, who is honored because of his professional attainments, and beloved because of his personal character, asked me to make a "note" of what, in my judgment, was the best method of dealing with inquirers. I comply with his request, and give the result of my experience. I am sure that, during the earlier years of my ministry, I did not help this interesting class much, because I dealt so exclusively in generalities. Mr. Webster said: "I get my ideas by the study of definitions." What such persons need is correct ideas of what "Repentance" and "Faith" are; and these can be given best by analytic definitions. Thus, by showing that in repentance there are three elements—a realization of sin; sorrow on account of its guilty nature; and immediate abandonment of it. Then, by directing exclusive attention to these elements—one by one, and showing its reasonableness, secure a decision upon each separately. So with "Faith." It also involves three elements—

an intellectual belief of the historical record concerning Christ; a cordial acceptance of him as a personal Saviour; and a cheerful willingness to do whatsoever he commands; and by explaining the reasonableness and Scripturalness of each of these, and urging decision upon them, one by one, the inquirer cannot fail of clearly perceiving "what he must do to be saved," and helped to a decision. By adopting this method, I have known some "to repent and believe" immediately; others to discover that they had already done so, and were not conscious that such was the fact, and emerge at once into gospel liberty; whilst whatever the immediate result might be, all had clear conceptions of the prerequisites of salvation.

IV.

ORGANIZING YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS.

"There went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched."—1 SAM. 10: 26.

As in all bodies, civil or military, so in churches, organization and discipline are essential to efficiency. Specially is this true in relation to the younger disciples. Our experience has helped others in the past; and that it may help young pastors in the future, an outline is here given. We had tried several other

methods ; but more than thirty years ago we adopted one which has proven a recognized success. Its peculiarities are these. Its *title* is distinctive, expressive, and Baptist—“The Covenant Band.” Its *constitution* is simply our church covenant ; and therefore all extraneous subjects are excluded, and its members brought into closest relations to the church. Its *objects* include both temporalities and spiritualities, and so meet both these classes of need. While, by ordinary means, such as a regular weekly public meeting, for the increase of the piety and development of the talents of its members, missionary committees for outside work, etc., it aims at supplying material aid to the needy ; watching with the sick and dying ; burying the dead ; and in peculiar cases placing appropriate tombstones at graves. A leading citizen of Troy, himself a high Free Mason, said to me : “ *I don’t believe that there is a Masonic or Odd Fellowship Lodge in our city, which is doing better charitable work than your Covenant Band.*” Its officers are equally brothers and sisters. It is the right arm of the church for aggressive work—the special assistant of the pastor. In it hundreds, during more than a generation, have been trained to effective usefulness ; and very many ripened for an “inheritance among the saints in light.”

V.

PRAYER-MEETINGS.

“ These Christians assemble at the appointed time, and sing and pray alternately the praises of Christ as a Divine Being ; and bind themselves together by an oath, to commit no crime, to fulfill every promise, and to keep faithfully every trust.”—PLINY TO EMPEROR TRAJAN.

Rev. Dr. Shaw, who during forty-six years was the successful pastor of one church, when asked what the secret of his success was, replied, “ Come to my prayer-meetings and see.”

My judgment is that more of the element of “organization” ought, in fact, if not in form, to be introduced into our stated prayer assemblies. There ought to be a prayer-meeting choir, as really as a church choir. Appropriate, inspiring singing, such as will interest, not only Christians, but children and people generally, cannot be had from any one leader, however qualified he may be. There ought also to be appointed ushers to welcome strangers, and who will seat them in front, where they may be easily greeted by the pastor. With us such meetings became an acknowledged success ; but it cost us years of study and persistent endeavor. It may interest and help young pastors to learn how they became such. Primarily and perpetu-

ally we strove to get rid of the formalities of sanctimoniousness, and realize the conception of a Christian church, as an "household of God," a spiritual family—and its members brethren and sisters in fact, as well as in name; and its weekly meetings simply gatherings of the family in the Father's House for family worship. Next, we were careful as to *time*, ordinarily limiting it to sixty minutes. Two minutes lost at the beginning, when there are one hundred persons present, is an aggregate loss of three hours and a half of precious time. It certainly was helpful for the people to know precisely when the service would begin and end. Moreover our custom of regular topics was helpful in a variety of ways. At the first meeting after the Lord's Supper, our topic was, "Children, the Sunday-school, and the Interests of Young People Generally." At the second, "Missions at Home and Abroad." At the third, "The Ministry, Colleges, and all Educational Institutions." At the fourth, "The Churches, and Special Needs of Your Own Church." Thus, every month the entire field of Christian service was brought before us. No two meetings were similar; while, at every one, perfect freedom was enjoyed for remarks and prayer in any other direction which the Spirit might lead. We also had another custom which, so far as I know, was peculiar to us.

The pastor chose, but never read the Scriptures. That was done by the deacons in turn ; and thus the deaconship was publicly recognized and honored, was trained to conduct meetings in the pastor's absence, and an interesting variety secured at each service. We were also careful to call attention to any special afflictive event in any of our families, however poor or obscure they might be, express sympathy with and offer special prayer for them. This not only gave tenderness to the services, but strengthened our spiritual relations to each other, and we could honestly sing what is often so heartlessly sung :

“ We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”

It grew on us, also, to wait patiently for the workings of the Holy Spirit in our minds and hearts, and to bring less and less pressure on persons to speak, who had nothing to say ; or pray, when they had not the spirit of prayer. Meanwhile we filled up the time with general services, urging only the duty and privilege of all yielding immediately to divine impulses. Finally it was our supreme effort to make these occasions so bright, cheerful, and profitable, that our unconverted friends might be attracted to them ;

and each of our dear people feel that they could not afford to miss one of them; for if they did, two losses would be sustained—one, of the blessings they would receive in their own hearts, the other the loss of their presence and sympathy, which would be experienced by the church and pastor.

VI.

CHILDREN. SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. PARENTS.

“O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
Nearer I deem the Lord, while gazing on thee!
’Tis ages since he made his youngest star;
His hands were on thee, as of yesterday!
O bright and singing child—what wilt thou be here-
after?”

“The Christ Pastor—is the Child’s Pastor.”—DR. TYNG.

How it began, I forget, but it came to pass that for years, at the close of each morning service, children from four to ten years of age, came up into the pulpit and kissed the pastor. That custom was very beautiful. It made the pulpit look like a bouquet of fragrant, animated flowers. He will never forget it, and believes that they will remember it in all after years. On one occasion, an eminent minister, in exchange, occupied the pastor’s place. And our little ones, as

was their habit, went up into the pulpit to salute him; but he started back in amazement and exclaimed: "Whose young ones are these?" At which greeting they retired in shame-faced disorder. He lacked one essential element of success. No man can do the full work of the ministry without love for, and perpetual interest in, children.

Forty years ago, I saw a black-eyed boy standing, during a service, in the door of our church, because he could get no seat in a pew, and asked him to come up to me, and sit on the highest step of my pulpit. He did so; and although his people belonged to another denomination, whose church he was accustomed to attend, he has attended ours ever since, more regularly than any other person; been a consistent member of it thirty-four years, a deacon ten years; while his character as a man, and his ability and integrity as a merchant, have been a firm buttress to the reputation of our church in this city. When Daniel Webster went to Boston—a poor, unknown boy—to study law, he was met by the renowned Rufus King, who shook him kindly by the hand, and said: "I know your father; study hard, and you will win." Sixty years afterwards, when on the summit of his fame, Mr. Webster tenderly said, "*I still feel the pressure of that hand.*"

Childhood is not only the impressionable period of a human life; but it has its own divinely appointed ministry. Is it not written (Isa. 11 : 6): "A little child shall lead them?" A neighboring family, who had never been in our church, had a young daughter, who, being a playmate of our daughter, often took tea with us; and hearing a "blessing" always invoked at our table, one day asked her father why he did not do the same. He was touched, but only replied :

"Daughter, if you desire to have it, you may ask it yourself."

Immediately she folded her little white hands, closed her eyes, and prayed as nearly as she could, as she had heard in our home. From that time, at every meal, she performed that service. Having joined our Sunday-school, through the influence of our child—now the wife of Rev. B. S. Terry, Professor in Madison University—her parents soon came to our church, where "they believed, and were baptized."

There was also a childless husband and wife, who through the influence of our devoted Church City Missionary, Miss E. H——, adopted a motherless babe. The wife at once became so impressed that she could not do a mother's duty unless she became a Christian, that she sought and found the Lord, and

obeyed him in baptism. Her husband was obstinate; but became strongly attached to the child. In about one year, he who had given, took her to himself. "The child ascended to heaven." Then he yielded, joined the church, and both of them are now consistent, useful members.

In our city was a distinguished physician, who had a young daughter, whom he idolized. He was a confirmed skeptic. While playing with her, one day, she suddenly stopped, and said:

"Papa, where do children go to when they die?"

After a confused hesitation, simply to please her, he replied:

"Why, of course, to heaven, my dear."

In two weeks she died; and he himself told me that all of his unbelief was buried in her grave.

We are verily guilty if we do not thoroughly believe in, labor and pray for, early conversions. Is it not written—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth?" that "Eli perceived that the Lord had called Samuel, the child?" that "Josiah began, when eight years old, to seek after his father's God?" It is also graciously said: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," "Whosoever shall receive a little child in my name, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, re-

ceiveth him that sent me." "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven." "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Whosoever shall humble himself, as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

At a convention of ministers, at Syracuse, it was ascertained that a majority of them had been converted under fifteen years of age. Robert Hall became a Christian at twelve; Matthew Henry, at eleven; Dr. Watts, at nine; and President Edwards, at seven. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon states that in one year he had baptized forty children, and that they had "held out" better than an average equal number of adults. It was prophesied of the Messiah (Isa. 40: 11), "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." To promote this vitally important end—the spiritual welfare of children—the pastor ought to have the closest possible relation to the Sunday-school; be in confidential sympathy and active co-operation with its officers and teachers; and be in fact, the pastor of the school, as really as of the church. S. L. Taylor, D. D., of the M. E. Church, in a late

book, truthfully says: "The pastor should be the presiding genius of the whole school, and the children should grow up looking to him as their leader."

The following fact, related of Rev. H. W. Beecher, is full of significant pathos. After the last public service that he attended in his own church, he was much fatigued, and remained until the congregation had all departed, and the organist played for him a tune he loved, connected with the words:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest."

Two poor street boys, passing the church, hearing the music at that unusual time, stopped, and stood listening at the open door. As the tired, grand old man passed out, he saw them, and his great heart went out toward them. He tenderly laid his hands upon their heads—kissed their foreheads, and with an arm around each of them, left the scene of his triumph, trials, and sorrows, forever. Was not that a sublime close of a wonderful public life?

Cardinal Manning said:

"Give me the children, and England shall be Catholic in twenty years."

President Garfield said:

"I have a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. However poor he may be, I do not know

what possibilities may be buttoned up beneath his ragged vest."

John Trebonius was the teacher of Luther, in his boyhood, and it was his custom upon entering the school-room, to take off his cap and bow to his pupils. When asked why he did so, he replied :

"I make my bow to the great men of the next generation, who sit in the boys' jackets, on these benches."

It must not be forgotten, however, by parents, that no pastoral or Sunday-school restriction and care can be a substitute for the performance of their own duty to their own children. With parenthood God has associated not only high honor, but great responsibility. Peter Bayne wrote: "For the first few years of life, the parent is, with hardly any qualification, in the place of God. The home is the first temple in which man worships. The parent is the personification of perfection to the child. And if, in striving for that—as the child will do, even before he can speak—he is guided by no melodious harmony of parental love, embracing his parents, and uniting in himself—his whole nature, mental as well as moral, may be stunted from the first."

The early conversion of their children should be the supreme desire, prayer, and effort of Christian

parents. A very sick boy asked his father if he was "going to die?" Overwhelmed with sorrow, in broken accents, the reply was :

"Yes, my darling, the doctor says you cannot live until night."

The young Christian smiled, and calmly said :

"Well, father, don't cry, for I shall see Jesus to-night; and I will tell him that ever since I can remember, you taught me to love and serve him."

My beloved brother and college classmate, Rev. O. B. Judd, LL. D., states the following :

"I believe that little children are sometimes so impressed and prepared by parental influence in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that they pass from death unto life by the gentle, dove-like influence of the Holy Spirit upon their unseared hearts, without knowing when the great change takes place. I knew a case in which a little boy was baptized who, upon his examination, being asked when he met with a change of heart, replied :

"'I don't know. I always liked God's people better than any others; and I can't remember when I did not love Jesus.'

"That boy became a minister of the gospel; and, after years of usefulness here, died in the triumphs of faith."

Another published the following :

A cultivated, godly man, in the State of Connecticut, whose hospitality I was enjoying for a short time about ten years ago, said to me during the evening : " I must tell you about the conversion to Christ of my oldest boy. It was while we were on a tour in Europe. We were spending a Lord's Day in one of the beautiful valleys of Switzerland. On our way to the church, we stopped on a little hill-side overlooking the valley, and rested for a time under the shade of a tree. It was a very beautiful day. The prospect was enchanting. As we were looking at it, I said to my boy of sixteen years :

" ' My son, have you not thought that it is time for you to give your heart to God ? ' "

" His eyes filled with tears, as he looked into my face and said :

" ' Father, I have been thinking a great deal about it. ' "

" ' My son, why would not to-day be a good time ? ' "

" ' Father, I am willing. ' "

" And kneeling down on the green grass, under that cloudless sky, overshadowed by those magnificent mountains, with that beautiful valley spread out before us, we offered the dear boy to the Lord Jesus Christ ; and a sweet peace, the peace that comes to the believing soul, rested upon his spirit. Since then my boy has been a faithful, consistent Christian. "

I said to myself, as he told me the incident, how mighty is the influence of a godly father upon a son who respects him—respects his character, respects his Christian profession—when that father speaks direct, honest, religious

words to his boy, and counsels him to come to Christ. And I said, too, how many fathers fail to bring the influence they have to bear upon their children, their growing boys; and I thought—as I think every time I hear of parental influence on the side of the father, or on the side of the mother—of all the appliances which are made use of under God in his church and in the world, there is no place like the family and the home for bringing the child to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, as well as for developing the Christian character.

VII.

CHURCH LIBERALITIES.

“Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.”—2 COR. 9: 7.

“Follow with reverent step the great example
Of him, whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the whole world be thy Father's temple,
Each living life a psalm of gratitude.”

The First Baptist Church of Troy has a deserved reputation for liberality, not only towards all worthy objects, but specially toward its pastors. Their salaries have always been generous, and promptly paid. It is with unspeakable gratitude that I recall munificent gifts to mine and myself—not only of valuable

things, but also of money. In 1870, when my health failed, because of extra labor connected with the establishment of our "Vail Avenue Mission," which is now a flourishing church, our people not only voted their pastor all the time needed for recuperation, but gave him a gold draft for sixteen hundred dollars to pay expenses, besides supplying his pulpit. But the crowning proof is found in the unprecedented "Annuity," which, by a spontaneous, literally unanimous vote, they made permanent provision for the old age of their old pastor.

It is certain that there is an intimate connection between the liberality of a pastor toward his church, and their liberality towards him. "Like priest, like people." If they see in him self-seeking, money-loving, anxiety to get out of them all he can, their hearts will contract towards him, how much soever they may admire him in other regards. He must himself be an example of unselfish benevolence and beneficence before he may hope to develop those Christian virtues in them. He must remember that it was to *his first ministers* that the Lord said: "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." "The same measure that ye mete to others, shall be meted to you again." The

pastor must be able to look his people straight in their faces, and say: "I have coveted no man's silver or gold." "I seek not yours, but you." The same truth holds in relation to all other forms of church liberality. The leader must lead in giving—sometimes to the point of real sacrifice—else his people will not give what they would, if he did.

Twice during this pastorate, I had the good sense, and God gave me grace to do—*what there was no special merit in doing*—refuse to accept an increase of five hundred dollars per annum to my salary; and once to insist upon its permanent reduction of that amount. The honest truth was, I did not think the church could afford to do other things which the cause needed, and do so much for their pastor, who always lived within his income, and every year saved a little. Soon after this last transaction, a leading citizen of another denomination, meeting me in the street, said:

"Dr. Baldwin, you have done a foolish thing."

I begged him to suspend final judgment until he gave me a hearing, and said:

"Sir, suppose a case. Suppose that you were living on a farm, upon which you had lived thirty-nine years, and you had gotten to love every inch of its soil, and every object—tree, fence, stone, valley, hill,

and stream—there ; and, further, suppose you wished and hoped to live on it all your life, and die upon it, what would you do ? Would you get out of it every year all you possibly could ? or would you toil to make its soil richer and richer—more and more fertile and prolific ? ”

He changed his judgment and left me, satisfied that if he knew better than I how to manage his large business affairs, I knew better than he how to deal with a Baptist Church.

Nothing is more important than the perpetual cultivation of intelligent Christian liberality in both pastor and people. It is the “liberal soul” which “shall be made fat.” To only those who “honor the Lord with their substance,” is solid prosperity promised. “He that watereth, shall himself be watered.” “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.” The law of the kingdom is that, “He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly ; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.” “God loveth a cheerful giver.” “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” “Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.”

The thought of the following poem is as true as its expression is beautiful :

“Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow ;
His warmth he scatters on summits cold,
His wealth on homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his layers of precious light,
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give is to live.

“The flower blooms not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy of its free diffuses ;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal ;
And it lives in the life it directly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale, or to smother ; to wither or bloom.
To deny is to die.

“The seas lend silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean,
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion.
And ever and ever we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry, and images—death.
To live is to give.

“He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother ;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another.
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny is to die.”

VIII.

A GOLD RING.

There are in every life some rare experiences which are "more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Such an one was the following :

There was a successful business gentleman, who was connected with a neighboring Baptist Church, in which there often occurred what greatly annoyed him, inso-much, that he came to me one day, and, saying that he had about made up his mind to sunder his connection and join our church, asked my advice about it. The temptation to encourage his purpose was strong. He was my warm personal friend, and exceptionally liberal with his money. In order to have a place of his own in our church, which he might occupy whenever he worshiped with us, he had rented one of our best pews, and insisted upon paying twenty-five dollars more than the regular price, because, he said, it was worth it. *That is the only instance of the kind I ever knew, or heard of.*

I had grace to positively advise and urge that he should not leave the weaker church, where he was so much needed, but remain with it, assuring him that, meanwhile, I would be to him and his family, both personally and officially, all that I consistently could.

So far as I knew myself, that was unselfish ; and I experienced a glow of satisfaction at having done, at least, one purely unselfish act. Some time afterwards he met me in the street, and asked if I had a gold ring? I replied that I had not, and that while I had no objection to any gentleman wearing a ring if he chose, for myself I did not desire to. He bowed his head, tears came to his eyes, and he said :

“ Will you not wear my own ring, if I give it to you as a token of confidence and love? ”

Deeply moved, I answered that I assuredly would gratefully wear it ; and did so for many years. He had a son, whose family consisted of a wife and two young daughters, who were the pride and joy of his heart. After his death, the granddaughters asked their parents to take them to the Baptist Church, that they might see their grandfather's ring on the pastor's hand. Subsequently, that entire “ household ” were converted and baptized among us, and are now most beloved and useful members of our church. Did I err in believing that God had graciously recognized my unselfishly refusing the grandfather, for the sake of one of his feeble churches, by giving to our church his children and grandchildren? I am sure that selfishness, inside of our churches as well as outside—in the long run—defeats itself ; and that unselfishness

is the divine condition of largest and most permanent success. In reviewing the earlier years of this pastorate, I see much action that I sincerely regret; and while I find in the following incident some palliation of it, I do not offer it as a satisfactory excuse:

On my way from Hamilton, to settle in Troy, I was met by the pastor of one of our churches, with whom I was not much acquainted, who said:

"Baldwin, you are going to break your neck. That Troy church is old and weak. A new church has been formed, which has drawn off the most of the influential membership, and about all of the young people. Elder Howard is their popular pastor. You are young and inexperienced, and will certainly fail."

I could not help believing that the bottom trouble in the good man's mind was the poor taste the church had shown in not calling him, instead of one like myself. Making no reply to his doleful prophecy, I set my teeth, and in my central heart resolved that, by God's help, I would neither break my neck or fail. Under the pressure of this incessant apprehension, I was over-anxious and did many things which gave occasion for others to say:

"Baldwin works exclusively for his own church."

In later years, those who have known me best know that there have been no grounds for this charge.

A saintly minister wrote: "I have prayed that I might be kept from being selfish and proud, for all my value consists in sacrificing for God and his cause." George Macdonald says: "All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High, are doors outward—out of self; out of smallness; out of all wrong."

IX.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LAWYER.

- "Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- "Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God has bid it shine.
- "Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love."

In the early part of this pastorate I baptized a young man—Charles Carroll Wellington—who gave promise of exceptional abilities, and induced him to go to Hamilton. He passed through college success-

fully, graduated with honor at the early age of nineteen ; entered a law-office in that place, and continued in that profession three years. Gradually the drink-habit grew upon him, until the appetite became regnant over his judgment, conscience, and will. His high spirit could not endure the degradation, and, accompanied by Deputy-sheriff Wilbur, he came home ; but eluding the watchfulness of his father, he secured strychnine, went to Chatham, on the Albany and Boston Railroad, and was a dead man in a few hours. There being no means on his person of identification, he was buried as a stranger, in a stranger's grave.

Rev. A. H. Burlinghame, D. D., who was his class-mate, declares him to have been the most brilliant student who had graduated from the University up to his time. Because I had been his pastor, citizens and students united in asking me to preach a memorial sermon, at Hamilton. I had assurances that it did good when delivered, and I print it here, in the hope that it may do good to young men who may read it.

"Let integrity and uprightness preserve me."—PSALM 25: 21.

"The integrity of the upright shall guide them."—PROVERBS 11: 3.

A few weeks since a young man lived in this village, whose life-morning had been radiant with promise. Now, his body lies cold and dead, buried by stranger hands in the stranger's lone grave. No funeral services were held over his remains. No tears of weeping love, no glances of stricken friendship, fell on his pale encoffined face. No procession of those who had walked life's journey with him, followed his body to its resting-place, in "the land of silence." No loved and loving ones lingered around his premature grave, bedewing it with tears, or planting on it a memento. And wherefore was this so? Was this young man utterly friendless? Was he a wretched out-cast from society? No, no. Around him were entwined the strongest affections of numerous relatives, and the warmest regards of "troops of friends"; while the brilliancy and versatility of his talents had won for him the respect of many, in high literary and political circles. But alas! he died, he had passed away from among the living, and was buried, before any of us even knew where he was, or the fact of his sad end.

Young men of Hamilton and of Madison University, when it was announced that you had resolved upon some appropriate public exercises with reference to the death of Mr. Wellington, indicative of your respect for his memory, it gladdened the hearts of his relatives, and met with the cordial approbation of all who knew him. At your request, I am here to perform the part assigned me in these solemnities, and I trust that you will believe me when I say, that I feel utterly inadequate to the occasion. I am solemnly conscious, that it

is one of peculiar delicacy and responsibility. Full well I know what different views different minds will take of what ought to be said, here to-day. But, gentlemen, the responsibility is mine; and I must meet it, as my own conscience, my own views of duty to the dead, duty to the living, and duty to God, dictate. Let me, however say, once for all, that I have not come hither to utter bitter reproaches, but to shed bitter tears over the sad fate of Wellington, whose "sun has gone down while it was yet day." Nine years ago, soon after I left this beloved University, and settled in Troy, I became acquainted with him, then a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy. Not many months elapsed, before I found him among others an inquirer after the way of salvation, as disclosed in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Soon, he professed to have found it to the joy of his soul; and these hands laid him in the baptismal grave. When he decided to take a collegiate course, I influenced him to come to Hamilton. He came, went through college, and graduated with honor. Subsequently he lived years among you as a citizen; attending to the duties of the legal profession, and editing with marked ability one of your public journals. What he was before he came to this place, I know better than you; and justice to his memory demands that I affirm, what is strictly true, that a more promising youth I never saw. What he has been since he came here, you know better than I. His extraordinary abilities, his genial temperament, his generous magnanimity, his open-handed charity, his sunny sociality, we all admired. His frailties, his dissipation, his later

influence, his tragic end, we all mournfully deplore. But now he is gone. His spirit is in eternity. His body is decomposing in the grave. Who dare hurl anthemas over that grave, dishonored though it be? Who, that has a heart, who that knows the weakness of human nature, the waywardness of its impulses, the power of its passions, the strength of a master appetite, the force of temptation upon a young man away from the sheltering influences of home; who can read that touchingly beautiful letter written by his sainted mother, which he had with him in the solitude of his suicidal chamber; who can think of his bereaved and afflicted father, standing alone amid the wreck of life's fondest hopes, of venerable grand-parents bowed beneath the terrible weight of this crushing sorrow; and feel disposed to emblazon his frailties, magnify his guilt, or blacken his memory? Assuredly not your preacher. He loved him. His family loved him, and will cherish his memory. Assuredly you do not. Nay, with Irving, we all say, "Oh, the grave, the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets, and tender recollections. Who can look even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he ever should have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him?"

Regarding myself now, as standing beside Wellington's grave, myself as his early pastor and bosom friend, "stricken, smitten, and afflicted," by his untimely death, I would, as from that awful position, address the vast crowd of living young men before me. And no words

seem more appropriate as the basis of present thought, while we are paying a funeral tribute to one who fell a victim to dangers to which all are exposed, than the Scriptures I have read; which contain a prayer, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me," and an answer, "The integrity of the upright shall guide them."

These words were the utterances of men who saw the moral dangers which, in this depraved world, surround our depraved humanity; of men who understood the nature of the moral government of God, and therefore did not expect preservation from the naked power of Omnipotence, but through the possession and exercise of that moral quality, to which God has imparted preservative power. With this prayer and answer before us, I ask your attention to the discussion of the following doctrinal proposition:

Personal Religious Integrity is the Preservative Element of Human Character.

And may the Holy Spirit aid us, while we consider—

First, The import of Integrity in this proposition, and Secondly, wherein consists its Preservative Power.

Integrity is defined by Webster, to be primarily, "entireness, an unbroken state of anything"; and, secondly, as applied to mind, "soundness, purity, uncorruptness." Without attempting any metaphysical analysis, but employing this term in a general religious sense, I shall simply endeavor to illustrate and describe the character in which it is developed.

Geologists tell us that, in some parts of our globe, they have ascertained the strata of our earth to the depth of

ten miles, and that they find five different layers. The upper one they call alluvium ; the next is a compound of sand and gravel ; the third consists of broken rock ; the fourth of stratified rock ; the fifth and lowest, of unstratified, solid, crystalline rock. They tell us, that these different strata go to make up to that depth the firm, solid, productive earth. Something like this, young men, is a character impregnated with religious integrity. Its primary basis is a *belief in a personal God* ; a Deity, who has not merely created and garnished the universe, but who, possessing every possible perfection in an infinite degree, is also Governor and Law-giver ; to whom every intelligent being is personally responsible for his affections and conduct. This is the primary, crystalline, moral rock, upon which this character is based.

The next stratum is a *cordial reception of the Bible as God's revelation to man* ; a revelation exhibiting the unvarying standard of right, the unyielding law of duty. No man is ever better than the standard of moral conduct which he adopts ; and as it varies so the character varies. One makes public opinion his standard ; be it what it may, as it exists in New Orleans or New England. Another makes his own conscience that standard ; forgetting that, while the faculty of conscience is a part of our moral constitution, still, man's conscience is just what it is educated to be ; and that therefore, its decisions are right or wrong, according to its education. While with many, conscience is but another name for self-will and self-interest. But the possessor of the integrity which I shall describe, and for which I shall

plead, receives the eternal law of a holy God, as the instructor of his conscience. He finds in God's Book for man a full guide to all duty, ample warning against all wrong, an immutable basis of moral feeling and conduct, amid the fluctuations of public opinion and self-interest. He finds it to be an unfailing lamp for his feet, an ever-reliable guide, while treading the darkest path of human life.

The third stratum of this character is, a *conscious need of aid from God, to conform to this lofty standard*. True integrity is not proud, nor self-confident, nor self-complacent; nay, it is humble, and self-distrustful. Its possessor is neither ashamed nor afraid, amid the weakness of fallen humanity, to implore aid of the great Father, through his glorious Son, man's adorable Saviour. With reference to this, Lamartine, the poet-statesman of France, said: "Prayer was never invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or, rather, man was made to pray, and thus glorify God." Such an one believes with all his soul the promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Then, the next stratum is *unwavering adherence to truth*. To a young man who possesses this character, nothing in all the world is meaner than a lie; no being more contemptible than the deliberate liar. He loves truth for its own sake. He would not deviate from it, in his dealings with his fellow men, to make a million dollars; or reach the highest political position ever occupied by a mortal. He understands that the God with whom he "has to do,"

is a "God of truth," and that he "desires truth in the inward parts." He desires that it be enthroned within us, and sway us in all our relations both to himself and man, to time and eternity. And the possessor of religious, experimental integrity, cordially yields to these divine requisitions, which make his life radiant with all the light and purity of exemplified truth.

And the last, the upper stratum of this character, is an *unflinching determination toward rectitude*. This leads a man to a right doing; not merely because he will, as a consequence, be more respected; not merely because in the end it certainly will promote his interests; not merely because his conscience, enlightened by the Bible, always approbates it; but mainly because *it is right*. No meed of praise, no temporary success, no popularity, "that wild wreath of air, that flake of rainbow," can seduce him to abandon the straight, though sometimes rough and stormy path of rectitude. Amid such temptations he will stand,

"Like a Druid Rock,
Or like a spire of land, that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and firmly rooted
Moves not from its place."

Thus, young men, you have before you a brief view of religious integrity as realized in human character. Think once more of my illustration. Think of the five different strata that make up, to the depth of ten miles, this globe. Think of the solid crystalline, primary rock; of the intervening strata; and then of the upper, rich alluvium, out of which spring all the flowers that perfume the air, all the fruits that feed man and beast, as well as the grand

old forests that wave before the blast. And thus behold illustrated this character, with its primary basis in a firm belief in personal accountability to a personal God; with its cordial reception of the Bible, as its controlling standard of moral feeling and conduct; with its trusting dependence on the aid of God, through an interceding Redeemer; with its unwavering attachment to truth; and lastly, with its unflinching determination toward rectitude, which is the moral alluvium out of which spring all truly noble deeds, heroic sacrifices, generous charities; and in a word, all those pure influences which beautify and bless the world.

“Oh, no balm
New bleeding from the wounded tree,
Nor blest Arabia with its spicy groves
Such fragrance yields.”

Let us now consider the remaining general division of our subject, viz: *Wherein consists the preservative power of this element?* I answer:

1. It gives its possessor *control over the passions of the soul.*

The passions uncontrolled are fearful elements of mischief. They rage where they reign; and oftentimes involve men in temporal and eternal ruin. They excite to deeds, at which men in their cool moments shudder with horror. They blind the judgment, devastate the heart, stifle the conscience, control the will, and bear away on the fiery tide the noblest purposes and the fondest hopes. A few rods from my residence is located our County Jail. Not long since, I sat in one of its gloomy cells with a

young man condemned for murder. While conversing he lifted up his right hand, white and soft from long confinement, and said, "Ah! that hand, that hand has brought me into great trouble." Poor youth! he was mistaken. His hand was not guilty. It was a mere instrument. Nay, it was infuriated passion that drove the fatal knife into the body of his doomed victim. Jealousy, envy, and revenge, anger and uncurbed ambition, have scourged the world. No man is safe in whose breast these have the mastery. At any moment he is in danger of doing what will ruin him forever; and what rivers of tears, what the lamentations of broken-hearted friends, what the wealth of worlds, cannot undo. Thus saith the Bible, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, without walls." What a picture of desolation!—"a city broken down, without walls," into which wild men and wilder beasts may make predatory incursions with impunity!

But religious integrity, controlling the soul's powers and giving the dominion to Bible-illuminated moral faculties, ensures the essential preservative against this danger. It gives a man control over the world within him. It gives him the power to hold passion with a firm and guiding rein. Again, the Bible says, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Judged by this divine standard, the young man of integrity ruling his own spirit and directing it into paths of virtue and honor, is greater than the warrior, who wades to victory through seas of human blood, the glory-wreath around whose

brow is tied together by the heart-strings of widows and orphans, himself the captive of enslaving lust. Well therefore has it been sung :

“Crown his brow with laurel wreath,
Who can tread the fields of death ;
Tread, with armed legions near,
And know not what it is to fear.
But, greater far his meed of praise,
Juster his claim to glory's page,
Who true to integrity's pure call,
Conquers himself, the noblest deed of all.”

2. It gives control also *over the bodily appetites*.

Out of these arises immense danger to the young. They are naturally strong, and from early youth are influenced by the dietetic habits of the age. They gather terrible power by indulgence. Improper eating and drinking, and general physical dissipation, are most prolific sources of crime and misery. Especially and fearfully is this true at the present time, in regard to drinking. The habit of partaking of alcoholic drinks as a beverage is making fearful havoc among the young men of my own city, and indeed, almost everywhere. We have lived to see—what we once fondly hoped never again would be seen in our land—a revival of the rum-traffic. And, as a natural consequence, intemperance, with its brooding train of dismal horrors, its ruined reputations, its broken-down constitutions, its impoverished families, its damning blight of all that is noble in manhood—is again felt and mourned in country and city. Had I the mental power of a Clay, the imagination of a Choate, and the elo-

quence of a Webster, I could not depict in adequate colors the woeful miseries which this traffic, generating, as it does, an artificial appetite, and then feeding it, is producing. Oh! I ask, not in anger, but in heart-sorrow, *How can men engage in it?* Men who know its inevitable results; men who themselves have little children soon to be exposed to its evils; men who have human sympathies and human souls, bound to the bar of a holy God; men who know they must soon die, and stand amid the flashing terrors of the Judgment? For myself, with the light I have; with the crime, misery, and death I know it causes, *before I could sell alcoholic drinks as a beverage to my fellow-men, especially to young men*—dear young men, around whom I know are entwined the holiest affections, and dearest hopes of fathers and mothers, the hopes of society, and of my country—*before I could do this for paltry pelf*, every glorious impulse, every tender affection, every noble sentiment, must die within me; this gushing heart must freeze up its warm tide; surrender its immortal expectations; and from being a man, with an ear to hear every sigh of humanity, an eye to weep with every sorrow, a heart to feel for every woe, and an open hand to help the need of my fellow-man, I must now become petrified into *a selfish, money-getting thing*. Nay, nay, let me drink the deepest dregs of direst poverty; let my life's most cherished hopes wither; let my children fade around me like flowers nipt by untimely frost; let the wife of my youth perish by my side; let me myself be cut off in the midst of my days; let my name be forgotten—rather than I should make a business

of pandering to an appetite which is filling thirty thousand graves in my native soil with the blasted bodies of thirty thousand of my fellow-citizens every year. And moreover I feel, believe, and say, that if I would thus sell poison; influence and nourish appetites which I knew full well would ruin those who pay me for so doing; if, regardless of the moans of broken-hearted wives, and the cries of children worse than orphans; the prayers of parents not to give their children "liquid damnation;" the entreaties, in their sober moments, of the victims of their appetites themselves; if, in contempt of the entreaties of the best portion of society to abandon my traffic, the thunderings of Almighty God against it, and the moral suasion of the best minds in the community, I would persist—then before God I affirm that society would be recreant to its high trust, if it did not make me feel the strong, stern, iron hand of law. With those views, I could somewhat sympathize with Mr. Edmonds, the gentlemanly keeper of the Tombs, in New York, who said to me, while on a late visit to that dismal prison, where two men were then under sentence of death for murdering their wives while intoxicated:

"Sir, such criminal effects do I see daily produced by the traffic in ardent spirits, that for one, if on the only condition that I could obtain a law prohibiting it I must vote for the repeal of all other laws against crime, I would do it in a moment."

Than this appetite, thus engendered, nothing can be more fearful. It grows with every indulgence, until finally it overcomes all power of resistance. Then, oh!

then, as my poor, poor fallen brother said, hundreds have said before him: "I cannot reform; it is useless to try." Then they may shed bitter tears while they think of blasted prospects, of home and dear ones there; they may shudder as they see engulfing ruin rolling up its dismal billows before them; but, though they behold the death-breakers ahead, they feel that they must, like rudderless ships, dash on.

But, personal religious integrity will enable a young man to keep every bodily appetite in subjection. It echoes within his soul the voice of God: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" It will open his eyes to the fact, that he cannot with impunity dally with temptation. It will enable him to see, beneath the sparkling crest of even the wine-cup, the snake that lies there coiled. It will make him feel that "touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe rule with reference to it. Thus it will save him from the reeking corruptions of disgusting sensualism. Thus, it will save him from premature old age. Thus, it will secure him a sound mind in a sound body, girded with manly energy; a bright and sparkling eye, blooming cheek, and a robust constitution.

3. The possession of this element of character will lead young men *into those circles of society, where temptations are fewest and weakest.*

In every community there are different circles, from the highest down to the lowest. And young men are attracted to just that circle for which they have the strongest affinity. If they are dissipated, you will find

them among the dissipated; if pure, among the pure. Hence a wise old man once said: "Tell me what company a young man keeps, and I will tell you what his character is." And the ultimate fate of young men is, to a great extent, determined by the character of their companionship. Hundreds go to our colleges, go bedewed with the prayers of pious parents, go as pure as the breezes that play around their native hills, and at first, mingle with the virtuous, but eventually are led into associations, during social hours, with drinking, licentious, profane, and gambling youths, become contaminated, and after their graduation, return to their homes, debauchees. This is the reason why parents feel such profound solicitude to have their children go for educational purposes where the moral atmosphere is purest. It has been our pride and boasting that Hamilton was such a place. In our advocacy of its claims, we have dwelt upon its seclusion from the great thoroughfares of wickedness, as a reason for believing that temptations were weaker and fewer here. And we believe so still. But it must not, on this occasion, be concealed or denied, that to some wounded spirits at least, the very name of Hamilton brings bitter sorrow. For here a darling son, a most kindly cherished relative, a beloved friend, dear to them as the life-blood of their hearts, has fallen. Terrible responsibility rests somewhere. And it may be a question, which if honorably answered, will humble even the friends of sobriety, and awaken charity toward the dead: *Did you do all your duty to the departed, while he was yet with you?*

But to return from this digression, let me say, that he who possesses this integrity will spontaneously seek companions among the good. He will shun a corrupt associate as he would a walking pestilence. He will find no pleasure, but the deepest disgust and pain, in low reveling and midnight brawls. He will be found on those moral eminences of society—nearest to heaven—where low and degrading vice cannot live, nor even show its snaky head. Tell dying fathers, and dying mothers, that their sons are moving in such circles, and they will smile on you in death, and thank God with their last expiring breath.

4. Religious integrity imparts *great moral courage*. Many of the young are ruined, because they have not the boldness to obey the dictates of conscience, and say "No," to the tempter. They are invited to gamble, to drink intoxicating liquors, to desecrate the Lord's Day, to go where they know they ought not to go. They are urged, entreated, their scruples are laughed at. They do not wish to be thought singular, or lacking in manliness. They yield; they dare not act up to their own convictions of duty. Alas! they foolishly fear the derisive laugh, the contemptuous sneer, more than to do wrong. They yield one point, then another, and another, until in turn, they become tempters themselves. Ah! this lack of firmness, of fidelity to home influences, and to conscience; this lack of true moral heroism, is the rock on which thousands split. Thus, they are led away from the influence of parents, the instructions of Sunday-schools, away from the altars of God, away to the haunts of vice and dissipation.

But soul-integrity gives invincible courage. It arms its possessor with the dignity and power of the loftiest heroism. It enables him to look the tempter in the face, and tell him "nay," with all the firmness and moral sublimity of Christian manhood. It nerves him to do anything he ought; and to refrain from doing anything he ought not. It covers him with an armor more impervious than steel.

Take away from him the restraining influences of good society, place him where vicious temptations beset him in every form, and with one arm around the cross of the blessed Saviour, and the other around his Bible, and prayer on his lips—he will stand,—stand as does the venerable rock in mid ocean, over which tempests howl, around which billows roar, against which wild waves dash, only to be hurled back in spray upon themselves. Oh, this religious integrity, seated within, goes where he goes, stays where he stays, and sheds around him perpetually the prestige of moral power. Truthfully therefore sang a bard of the olden time :

"Integrity undaunted goes,
Through Lybian sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes wealthy side
Pays tribute to the Persian pride."

And lastly, this element possesses this power, not merely because of its own inherent virtue and influence, but because to it is *promised the aid of an ever present God*.

To those who by his grace possess it, his word saith, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted, above that ye are able." To such Jehovah hath

promised, and how precious is it to a young man going out into the danger-thronged world, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." These and similar promises have been kept, by our promise-fulfilling Father. Joseph had this religious integrity. When far away from home, the hour of fierce temptation came; but he exclaimed, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" His integrity triumphed. Instead of his falling before temptation, it fell before him. And though he was cast into prison, God, whom he loved and feared, was with him there, and in his own good time brought him out, and placed him on a throne. Daniel was a young man of integrity. For the Scripture record says that, while but a youth, he was carried away captive to Babylon; and as he trod for the first time the splendid streets of that corrupt city, he formed this sublime resolution: "He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." Though in pursuing the path of pure rectitude he was led into a den of lions, God was with him there, and brought him forth from that place of horror and disgrace, and seated him among the highest dignitaries of earth. Oh, young men of integrity may, without presumption, trust in God. He regards them with the favor that he bears toward his chosen ones. He will be their shield, their buckler, their refuge, their strong tower, their defence. To them he says in accents of paternal love, "Cast thy burdens on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." He will see that no weapon formed against them shall prosper; no hellish machination succeed. His own faithfulness, which is "the girdle of his loins," his own integ-

urity before his moral universe, is pledged to "bring them off conquerors, yea, more than conquerors, through him that hath loved them." Such an one may say with humble joy, as David did after severe trial, "Thou upholdest me in my integrity." He is not ashamed nor afraid to uncover his heart before the Most High, and say as an old saint said, "Judge me, O Lord, according to mine integrity that is in me." While with Job, he may be afflicted, dealt with mysteriously by the providence of God, and tempted to evil, with the noble Patriarch of Uz, he will firmly say: "I will not remove my integrity from me."

Finally, let me add, that this subject commends itself to the judgment of every man, and especially to you young men. And the great practical question is—*Do we possess this preservative element in our character?*

The dangers that environ us are many and alarming. Intemperance is not the only one; nay, their name is "legion." "Is the young man Absalom safe?" is a question that trembles in the heart of many a modern David, with reference to his beloved son. Many escape certain dangers, and then feel safe. Thus Charles C. Wellington did. When he took his stand among the people of God, when with honest joy and pride I gave him the right hand of church fellowship as one of the earliest fruits of my young ministry, I fondly hoped that he had escaped the chief perils of life. But alas! alas! results have shown that far greater dangers awaited him.

In the fourth volume of the history of "The United States Exploring Expedition" is found a wonderful illus-

tration of this truth. We are there told that, in the Columbia River, which empties into the Pacific on the western side of our continent, there is a place where the waters are compressed into a narrow channel, and their whole volume falls many feet down descending rocks. This passage is very dangerous, but is often made with safety in a small boat. Below this fall, however, is a far greater danger. Then the water seems comparatively smooth and indicates no treachery in its flow. But, the explorers say, that the boat which has safely passed the preceding danger, and whose occupants may be rejoicing in their escape, when it reaches a certain point, gradually stops. Then moving neither forward, nor backward, nor toward either shore, it begins to move in a circular course. Swifter and swifter it thus revolves until no effort from within can take it out of that unnoticed, but dreadful current. Round and round, round and round it whirls, until having reached a fatal centre, in a moment it shoots downward; and they tell us, that rarely afterwards is even a fragment of the fated boat to be discovered.

Thus it often proves in human life. After beloved ones have passed through one class of perils, and have reached a position where we fondly hope they are safe; temptations in new forms, arising out of new circumstances, assail them; and alas! too often they are ruined. But against them all, against both early and later dangers, our subject presents the heaven-prepared element of protection. Nothing else can preserve us. Brilliancy of intellect, wealth of mental acquisition cannot. Nay, it is a mournful fact, that some of the most splendid minds God

ever made; minds whose wonderful endowments have made men stand in awe of them, have fallen the deepest; and their fall has been only the more terrible in consequence of their previous intellectual elevation. Position in society cannot. The tenderest love, the profoundest respect, the truest friendship, cannot. A profession of religion cannot. But thus saith God, "*The integrity of the upright shall guide them.*"

Then, young man, brother, seek this personal, religious, this heart integrity. By divine grace, through our Lord Jesus Christ the compassionate Saviour, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," thou mayest possess it. And "as the Lord liveth," it shall be better to thee than the merchandise of silver, or the gain thereof, than of fine gold. It will give to thy head an ornament of grace, and a crown of glory. It shall be life to thy soul. By it thou shalt walk in safety, and thy foot shall not stumble. By it, when thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

O young men, brothers, listen to the pleadings of a fraternal heart. Be men of integrity, and it shall be capital to you in your poverty, safety in your peril, solace in your sorrow, light in your darkness, a guide in your inexperience, and a comfort in your old age.

Young men, brothers, be men of Christian integrity, and ye shall be the crown of rejoicing to venerable parents; on your heads shall be showered the benedictions of the virtuous, the confidence and rewards of a

grateful country, and, above all, the priceless approbation of God. Be men of integrity, and ye shall come down to your graves, "in a good old age, like shocks of corn 'fully ripe unto the harvest;'" and while your bodies are calmly reposing in honored sepulchres, over which shall bloom sweet flowers planted by the hands of weeping memory, your souls shall be encircled with all the ineffable glories of the Christian's heaven.

O young men, brothers all, to this attainment I hear voices from earth, and voices from heaven; voices in all the winds, and song-like voices from careering angels; voices from all the past, the present, and the future,—and alas! at this moment I hear a voice, clear as a trumpet-tone, authoritative as a thundering of Sinai, and mournful as a funeral wail, coming up out of the distant and premature grave of brilliant, beloved, lamented Wellington, all urging you. Shall they urge in vain? God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost forbid it. Amen.

MRS. WELLINGTON'S LETTER TO HER SON.

The following beautiful letter, written by Mrs. Wellington on her death-bed, was found on the person of the deceased at Chatham Four Corners:

MY DEAR BOY:—Feeling sensible that I must soon leave you, I wish to say a few words, to which I entreat your attention as the last words, the last wishes, of your dying mother—a mother who would be glad to live and suffer for your sake, if it was the will of God that she

should. In the first place, my dear Charles, love and serve God; make a friend of him, and he will be better to you than all earthly friends. Never forget to pray to him. Remember that from the time that you was a little one, and could scarcely speak, you have knelt beside your mother, and offered up your prayers to him. You have also read his holy word with her. Do not forsake this practice now she is gone; never omit it for a single night or morning. Think that your poor, dead mother is looking pleased at you if you do this, and looking grieved if you neglect it. Above all, think how displeasing it is to our Heavenly Father to be neglected by us, his creatures. He has made and protected us every hour and moment of our lives. But remember, my dear child, that just to kneel before God and say your prayers is not praying. You must feel what you say. You must remember that God is looking into your heart—remember that he loves children that try to do good, and that he will help them to be so if they ask him. Therefore, every night endeavor to think of what you have done, or said, or thought wrong, and beg him, for the sake of your dear Saviour, to forgive you and help you to do better for the future. Every morning thank him for taking care of you during the night; thank him for all your blessings; beg him to keep you from sinning against him during the day, and then all day long endeavor to remember that his eye is upon you, and that he will be grieved if you do wrong—that he wants to save you and make you happy.

If bad boys tempt you to do wrong, remember that his

word has said: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Next to God, love and obey your father, my dear boy; he has been a good father to you, and has always been good to your mother. Strive to be a comfort to him. Do everything to oblige him that you can. Remember that it is well pleasing to your Father in heaven for you to honor and love your earthly parents. Be obliging to all. Endeavor to make every one love you. Obey your teacher. Try to improve in your studies, that you may grow up to be an intelligent, useful man. Be good to dumb animals. Do not tyrannize over any living thing. Try to deny yourself—that is, my dear Charles, try to oblige others, even if it puts you to inconvenience on your own account. When you think of the poor heathen children that know not God, and think how much better you are off, strive to save something for them. When you are tempted to spend your money for what you do not need, determine not to spend it, but save it to do good with. This is self-denial. When you are tempted to do a wrong action and do not do it, this is resisting temptation—this is well-pleasing to God, who will always help you to resist it if you ask him. I hope you will be useful, and I hope you will live for a good purpose.

I shall write much more if I am able. I want to write what may profit you as you grow older; but if I can write no more, try to profit by what I have written; for in childhood or old age it cannot hurt, and with the blessing of God it may do good. Therefore, my dear child, if my life is not spared to finish this, receive it as

it is—receive it as the last farewell, the last blessing, of your dying mother,

C. WELLINGTON.

May God bless and protect my motherless boy, and enable him to become a true Christian.

X.

MINISTRY TO MURDERERS.

Twice I have been the spiritual adviser of men who were hung for murder. The first was a young man of good social position and connections who, having become enamored of another woman, killed his beautiful young wife by repeated doses of arsenic, administered while she was sick. The people of her place where the cold-blooded murder was committed, were so righteously indignant, that they placed on her tombstone the following inscription: "Mary A. W. Green, died February 14, 1845, in the twenty-third year of her age. This monument is erected by the citizens of Berlin in memory of Mary Ann Wyatt, wife of Henry G. Green, who was married February 9, 1845, and on the fourteenth day of the same month was poisoned by her husband without any real or pretended cause. Beautiful, intelligent, and virtuous, she was wept over by the community; and the

violated law justly exacted the life of her murderer as a penalty for his crime."

After his execution I preached a sermon, of which Prof. A. C. Kendrick, D. D., who was visiting my family at the time, published the following report in "The Troy Times":

A sermon was preached yesterday by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, on the occasion of the late tragedy. The attendance showed the intense interest felt in the subject by the community. At an early hour the house was crowded in every part—galleries, aisles, windows, the pulpit stairs—every corner and nook was absolutely crammed, and hundreds of respectable citizens of all denominations were obliged to leave, being unable, not only to obtain seats, but even to get within the door. Although not fond of the practice of commenting on the pulpit performances of our clergymen, yet I cannot forbear giving the subject, and an outline of the discourse, which struck me as being singularly appropriate and beautiful. The text was, "Why wilt thou die before thy time?" The propositions which were regarded as involved in it, were:

1. That it is appointed to all men to die.
2. That there is an appropriately natural time to die.
3. That men may die before their time.
4. That men often bring upon themselves premature death by their own agency. Why *wilt* thou, etc.?

This they do—1st. By indulging in vices which shorten life by the natural action of the physical laws, as intemperance, licentiousness, etc. 2d. By crimes which bring

down upon them the sudden retributive judgments of Providence, and finally, as in the present case, by acts which subject them to the penalties of human law. In conclusion, he dwelt on the present case, and enforced cogently its solemn lessons of instruction.

The second was also a young man. He had committed a murder before, of which he never had been suspected. On a lonely mountain in our county he had killed a boy, simply to get possession of a silver watch. After his conviction for the second murder, he confessed the first to me, told where he had buried the body, and the boy's friends found the remains. That hour was one of the most awful I ever experienced. The day was dark. The cell was intensely gloomy. When he told the horrid tale, his strong frame was convulsed with emotion, and he wept bitterly and long, insomuch that, as he leaned over and buried his face in his hands, his tears literally wet the floor beneath, and he wailed forth these words:

"How could I have been such a devil as to do that dreadful deed—murder an innocent, helpless boy, merely to get a silver watch!"

His second murder was a double one—that of an old man and his wife, both of whom had money, which he resolved to get. So shrewdly had he managed that the prosecution could not, on his trial, prove

him to have been in our county when the murder was committed. Circumstances, however, were decisive. There was a chain of old-fashioned gold beads around the woman's neck, which he resolved to secure. But when he pulled it off the string broke, and some of them fell upon the floor. He tried to secure them all, but did not. He took what he had to New York. On his way thither, twice it occurred to him that it might be dangerous to keep them—twice he went to the bow of the boat, and held them in his uplifted hand to throw them into the river; but the thought came to him that they were valuable, and it would be a foolish thing to throw them away. He kept them, and exchanged them for a violin. Suspected simply because he was spending money freely, he was tracked to New York, the beads found—and those beads hung him.

One day, after his conviction, he proposed to reveal something to me, on condition that I would sacredly promise to keep it secret until after his execution. Supposing it to refer to a confession, I gave the promise; but was horrified when he told me that it was his settled purpose to attempt an escape that night, and also to kill any one who should stand in the way of his success; and that his object in telling me was to ask if killing under such circumstances would not be

comparatively justifiable. Of course, I did all I could to dissuade him; but without effect. Night came. I was in great distress. I felt bound by my promise, and trembled in view of the results. At midnight the jail alarm bell rang. An hour after my own door-bell rang, and my relief was great when the sheriff, who rang it, told me that he had come to ask my assistance in pacifying the prisoner. At the jail I found the corridor filled with officers. The door of the prisoner's cell was open, and a bright light was burning within it. He was a powerful young man, dressed in nothing except pants and shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up to his shoulders, fully revealing his muscular arms; and when I came he was pacing up and down before the door, with eyes glaring like those of an infuriated wild beast, his fists clenched, and swearing that he would kill any one who dared to cross the threshold of his cell. The moment he saw me his rage became intensified, and he charged me with having betrayed him. Appealing to the sheriff to state, whether by look or word or act, I had done so—and he affirming that I had not—I saw my opportunity; and keeping my eyes fixed on his, I walked slowly toward him, saying:

“Andreas, you will not strike me. I am your friend, and will be true to you until the end.”

I then laid my hand on his shoulder, and immediately his head bowed, his hands unclenched, his rage departed, and he submitted unresistingly to be ironed to the floor. It was also an indescribable scene when one day, in compliance with his request, I took my little boy, Charley, to visit him. The moment he saw him the prisoner's body trembled with emotion, and he wept as only a strong man can weep, and cried :

“O God ! once I was, like him, an innocent child, and now I am a guilty, condemned wretch !”

At his execution, after everything was in readiness, and the awful moment came, the rope was around his neck, he turned to me and piteously said :

“Won't you sing ‘Rock of Ages’ once more for me ?”

The sheriff nodded assent, and I sang as best I could, every verse of that grand old hymn. Spectators said I was pale as I shall be when I am dead ; but God helped me to comply with the request of my guilty brother, who, from long intimacy, I had gotten to love. It is a fact that Prince Albert made the same request on his death-bed. He said :

“I have fame, rank, and wealth, and if these were all, how miserable I should now be. Sing for me

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

I believed that the guilty man, who suffered the righteous penalty of civil law, found refuge in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ; but I did not think it well to give publicity to the fact. True, our Holy Bible says, "No murderer hath eternal life"; but it also says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Surely, these must refer to impenitent murderers! Cannot the blood of Jesus Christ "cleanse from all sin?" Does not the Father say, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool"? In the course of justice, none of us should see salvation. We all do pray for mercy.

"There is wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There is a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

"But we make his love too narrow,
By the limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own."

FABER.

XI.

A DISCOMFITED SKEPTIC.

"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." (Matt. 22: 29.)

During a journey that I made, some years ago, South, on board of a steamboat on the Alabama River, the following occurred. Among our passengers, there was a commercial traveler from New York. He was smart, fluent, conceited, and a skeptic, glorying in his skepticism. It was his delight to gather persons around him, and ventilate his unbelief; and he was specially bitter in his denunciations of the Bible. He declared, among other charges, that it contained statements which science had demonstrated to be sheer impossibilities. It was very hard to quietly listen to his harangues, but, being weak and nervous, I felt that I must keep silent. At length I could endure it no longer, and resolved that the word of God should not be dishonored in my presence by a flippant drummer. Acting under this impulse, I said :

"Young man, I am a Baptist minister from Troy, New York, a thorough believer in the Holy Scriptures, and now I challenge you to select one passage in them, which to your mind seems most to contradict scientific discoveries; select only one, because I am a sick man and inadequate to a prolonged discussion,

and one is enough for the purposes of test ; and if I do not demonstrate that you are entirely ignorant of its true meaning, I will publicly apologize to you before all these gentlemen." I was bold outwardly, but trembled inwardly, lest he might select some passage in regard to which I might not be fully prepared. To my great relief he selected the very one on which I had lately preached a sermon, which was repeated by request. It was the record in Joshua, concerning the standing still of the sun and moon. He gave the literal interpretation, and told what scientists say of its absurdities. Feeling now sure of my position, I became very oracular, and proceeded on this wise :

"Sir, do you know that Joshua pauses, in the centre of that record, to explain that it is a quotation ? Of course, you don't know it ; but such is the fact. He says : ' Is this not written in the Book of Jasher ? ' We know that that Book was a collection of Hebrew war songs, making no pretensions to inspiration. Sir, do you know, that the proof of its being a poetic quotation is found in the fact, that in the original Hebrew it is given in poetic idiom ? Of course, you don't ; but such is the fact. Sir, do you know, that a study of their circumstances shows that the Hebrews at that time were in no urgent need of divine help ?

Of course, you don't; but such also is the fact. Sir, do you know that their writers were accustomed to frequently rehearse all the special interpositions of God in their behalf? And that they never, never referred to this transaction? The fact is that there is no reference to it, in the entire Bible, except one indirect reference in one prophetic book. Sir, do you know that all recorded divine interpositions were responsive to special faith; and that in the record of those eminent for faith, found in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the name of Joshua is not mentioned? Such again, is the fact. The truth is that you, sir, and those like you, have been making yourselves ridiculous, by interpreting poetry, as if it were prose, and not even knowing that it is poetry, quoted from an uninspired book! The true interpretation of this passage, sir, makes it simply an oriental, poetic account of the plain prose fact, that God gave to his people a wonderful victory in a single day, before the setting of sun or moon—a victory unsurpassed in ancient times."

I then appealed to our audience to decide whether or not I had made good my charge. The verdict was unanimous in my favor. Then I told them that I had merely illustrated the general fact, that the skeptics of our day were astonishingly and criminally

ignorant of the interpretations of the Bible, given by our progressive exegesis, which was constantly revealing the harmony between God's works and God's word.

Years after, on a special occasion, I preached in Strong Place Church, Brooklyn. As the audience were retiring, a man pressed his way through them toward the pulpit. When he reached it, with beaming countenance he exclaimed, extending his hand:

"Mr. Baldwin, I am so glad to see you again."

I inquired when we had ever met before.

"Oh," he replied, "I am the man you handled so easily on the Alabama River!"

I shall always regret that, turning aside to respond to other greetings, when I looked for him, he had gone. What effect, therefore, our interview on the steamboat had produced, I do not know. But surely his coming to hear me preach, and his cordial greeting, gave proof that it must have been more or less beneficent.

XIII.

RELATIONS TO SOLDIERS.

It is difficult to believe that during this pastorate our country has been the scene of a war unprecedented,

in some of its aspects, in the world's bloody history. It cost billions of money ; and, directly and indirectly, a million of lives. But it settled forever political issues, which had been, and would have remained, causes of sectional strife. It established our nationality, and placed liberty for all men, of all colors, creeds, and conditions, on an immutable basis. In all the land, there was no city more patriotic than Troy. It gave its full quota of men and money. In our cemetery repose the remains of Major-General Geo. H. Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamaugua" ; of Major-General John E. Wool, "The Hero of Three Wars" ; of Colonel George L. Willard, that accomplished soldier who, had he not fallen in battle, would have reached the highest military positions ; and those of many other brave officers and privates.

"And never shall they rest unsung
While Liberty can find a tongue ;
'Twine gratitude a wreath for them,
More fadeless than the diadem."

Two chief officers are still with us—General Alonzo Alden, whose gallant conduct at Fort Fisher, and on many other bloody fields, attracted the attention of an entire country, and the admiration of our Government. He was called by his soldiers, "The Father of the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth," which fought

in twenty-eight battles ; and he lives among us, suffering constantly from a wound received in the war, universally respected and honored as a true patriot, a Christian gentleman, an active philanthropist, and an eminent citizen. The other is Major-General Joseph B. Carr. To him belongs the honor of having organized the Second Regiment of New York Volunteers on the next day after the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter ; and as its Colonel, of having made the first camp of the war on the soil of Virginia. He fought in eighteen battles, was wounded at Gettysburg, breveted Brigadier-General in 1865, and subsequently made Major-General in the United States army. Such was the admiration of the citizens of our State—not only of his brilliant war record, but of his personal character and business capacities—that for three successive terms they elected him to the high office of “ Secretary of State.” And it is believed he would have been elected Governor at the subsequent election, if the politicians had given him what he richly deserved—the first, instead of the second place on the ticket.

The First Baptist Church and Congregation enjoy the honor of having sent by far the largest number of volunteers to the war of any other religious society in this section. General S. C. Armstrong largely

recruited the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment from our Sunday-school, which presented a Bible to him. His fame has become national, because of his sublime achievement since the war—in which he bore a brave part—in originating and sustaining an educational and industrial institution at Old Point Comfort, which is so useful and popular, that both the United States Government and the State of Virginia aid in its support, and which has now a property worth over half a million of dollars. His genius and self-sacrificing devotion have accomplished this grand work, whose influence is potential in solving the great Indian and Negro problem. From the pastor's home, Ezra De Freest Simons enlisted as a private in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment; and when its chaplain resigned, his comrades elected, and Governor Horatio Seymour appointed him to fill the vacancy; and our church ordained him to the ministry. In that capacity he served during the war, with such unselfish devotion, untiring energy, Christian fidelity, and heroic courage, that he won the affectionate confidence of both officers and men, insomuch that they declared that in his personal and official character he had no superior in the entire army. The pastor's eldest son also entered the service as a "private," and came home at the end of the war entitled,

"Major Charles J. Baldwin." His comrades told me that they recognized in him "the handsomest and bravest officer in the regiment."

It was inspiring to witness the spirit which animated the great body of our Union soldiers. This is illustrated by a fact related by Major-General Terry. He said that when the Sixth Massachusetts soldiers marched two miles in Baltimore, through a maddened crowd, and safely entered the cars, one of the crowd exclaimed :

"It is of no use trying to do anything against those fellows !"

"Why not ?" cried another.

"Because," he replied, pointing to the departing train, "there goes Bunker Hill."

During the war I visited the army three times—once at Newport News. The chaplain being just then in disgrace, I had special opportunities for Christian work. At our last public meeting, an incident occurred which I entitle :

AN EMPHATIC PLEDGE.

There had been much talk about securing the dismissal of the inefficient and unpopular chaplain, and obtaining my appointment to that position. This gave additional interest to our farewell service. Many

funeral occasions have not the tender solemnity which pervaded that meeting. We knew that we should all never meet again. We all knew that peril of life or limb on gory battle fields was before these hundreds of strong young men, and that many would certainly be killed. With all the energies of my soul, I did all I could to prepare them for the awful hours before them, by preaching the adorable Christ to them. When sermon and prayers were over, and we had sung, with tearfulness, "Say, Brothers, will you meet us," one of the soldiers cried out, in a broken voice:

"Oh ! Mr. Baldwin, if you will come and be our chaplain, I will be one of the brothers too. I swear I will !"

Poor fellow ! that seemed a solemn pledge in that solemn hour ; but it pierced the centre of my heart, as the strongest method he knew for expressing an honest, sincere desire.

Our regiment was captured at Harper's Ferry, and after being paroled, was sent to Chicago. There one of them deserted. His mother was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and my neighbor, and became almost distracted by her son's disgrace and danger. Believing that I could do it, she begged me to save her boy : and I resolved to do so, if possible. To succeed, I knew I must prevail with

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Mr. Stanton was reputed to be cold, hard, severe; and in order to go to him fully "armed and equipped," I obtained a letter of introduction from General Wool. That brave officer's approbateness was exceptionally large. He could enjoy any amount of praise given him, on account of his brilliant military career. But it is due to his memory to add, that he would return compliments with royal generosity. Therefore the letter he gave me was a curiosity of its kind, but it proved effective in my mission. Just then, I afterwards learned, a coolness existed between the Secretary and the General, which both regretted, and this, I am sure, made Mr. Stanton very willing to oblige the old hero. Reaching the War Office, I found it filled with an eager, expectant crowd. Pressing my way toward where he was standing, I bowed and said :

"Mr. Secretary, I have a letter to you from General Wool, and beg the privilege of delivering it to you, personally, in private."

For a few moments his glittering eyes scanned me from head to feet. Then in a hoarse, wearied voice, he bade me follow him into his private office. While he was reading my letter, I saw that he was gratified, and when he had finished, he said :

"Well—what do you want?"

Briefly I told my story, and on the basis of the loyalty of my church, and the patriotic consecration of my first-born son, for whom I never had, and never should ask a favor, I begged that the deserter might be pardoned, and restored to the ranks. His pallid face changed its expression of tired impassiveness to one of earnest interest, as he exclaimed:

"You are the most preposterous man I ever met, asking nothing for your own son, and beseeching me to pardon this poor devil of a deserter, who deserves to be hung."

"That," I responded, "with profoundest respect, is exactly my case."

My request was granted, and with a kind message to General Wool from the Great Secretary, I returned home, with my joyful news to the delighted mother.

At a late period of the war one of our own dear young brethren was wounded at the battle of South Mountain, and his parents were in great distress. Asking them to keep calm as possible, and have faith in God, I went to Baltimore, found General Wool in command of that Department, and gained—

A VICTORY OVER A VICTOR.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which the commandant received me; but when I asked a

“pass” for myself, and a “furlough” for my wounded brother, he positively refused both. I urged, and entreated with such tenacious persistence, that finally he became impatient, and I had to change my tactics. I spoke of our long and pleasant neighborly friendship, and that he knew that sometimes friendship would not allow itself to be contracted by red tape; the great loyalty of my church; and our pride in and admiration of himself as our Trojan hero. At this he assumed an expression of great severity, straitened himself to his full height, and angrily said:

“Dr. Baldwin, do you think that you can catch a weasel asleep?”

Then I put on all the dignity I could command, and with a most determined air, responded:

“With permission, my dear General, I inform you, that I don’t want a weasel asleep or awake,—I want my wounded brother, and I will have him. You must pardon me for reminding you who I am, what my influence in Troy is, and what I can accomplish if I try.”

The grand old hero, with old-fashioned politeness, surrendered, gave me what I asked, and having found the wounded soldier near the battle-field, I brought him triumphantly home to his grateful father and mother.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

In neither of my trips to the South had I seen any of these soldiers. But during my last one, referred to in the preceding note, my curiosity was painfully gratified. The public buildings in the place where I found my brother, were all filled with the wounded of both armies, because none had, as yet, been taken to hospitals. One large building was filled with Confederates. Accompanied by my happy Union soldier, I went and stood in the open door of that edifice, and saw a sight, to me, new and awful. The floor was nearly covered by the prostrate forms of those who had fought against our Government. At first they gazed at me fiercely; but, when I asked the privilege of speaking to them, and praying for them, and proceeded to tell who I was, and why I had come to the army, of how kindly our Northern people felt toward them, how deeply they deplored this fratricidal strife, how frequently they were praying for its honorable, speedy termination; and when I held up before them the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, as having died for us all, and now living to sympathize with us in our sufferings—be to us “a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” as well as an all-sufficient atoning Saviour—they melted. After prayer, I went to each one, spoke as kindly as I could, expressed my hope of meeting

them in heaven, and left them feeling the sweet blessedness of their united benedictions.

AN AGONIZING SIGHT.

This I saw on our way home through Maryland. In a village, near to where there had been a battle, there was a large church, out of which all the pews had been removed from floor and galleries; and the entire spaces, even on the porch, were covered with the forms of our own wounded, some of them horribly mangled. Oh! such expressions of pain as were on the pallid faces, on which I tearfully gazed! Such piteous groans saluted my ears! Such an intolerable odor filled the air that I could not endure it, and turned away with the keenest heart-sickness I ever experienced. Surely Napoleon was right when he said: "War is the trade of barbarians." And Shakespeare wrote truthfully—

"Oh! War, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister."

XIII.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

"Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron, "what think you of the Witch of Endor? I have always thought that, as given in the Bible, the most fin-

ished witch-scene ever conceived or written; and you will be of the same opinion, if you consider all the circumstances of the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and density of the language. It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read."—KENNEDY'S "Conversations With Lord Byron."

In 1870, Spiritualism became popular with a multitude in our city; and its success made it rampant, defiant, and blatant. During this pastorate, in order to give variety to our pulpit, I delivered many "courses" of sermons and lectures, and was at that time engaged upon a "course" entitled, "Representative Women of the Bible." The method pursued was to select the leading woman of a period, and not only analyze her character, but group around her the chief historic facts of that era. Having reached the reign of Saul, without hesitation I announced that our subject for the following Lord's Day would be, "The Witch of Endor." It did not occur to me that this record was proclaimed by Spiritualists to be the Scriptural proof of their doctrine, until I commenced my special study of it. Then, to my dismay, I found that every one of my commentaries gave to it the same literal interpretation. Imploring divine aid, I commenced an independent investigation of this record, which resulted in what to me was an original,

and I believe to be the true, interpretation. The excitement, in view of what Spiritualists regarded as my hopeless dilemma, filled our large church to overflowing. The delivery of the discourse occupied about one hour and a half. Of it, on the next day, "The Troy Times" contained the following: "No sermon preached in Troy during many years produced such an effect as has been produced by the one preached in the First Baptist Church yesterday. It was a scientific and exhaustive discussion of Spiritualism, so called." Because of evidence received from many parts of our country that it has been helpful, and in the hope that it may be so to other perplexed minds, it is here incorporated.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR AND MODERN SPIRITISM.

1 SAMUEL 28: 3-25.

Nature and the Bible are mate volumes by the same author. Each was divinely designed to aid in interpreting the other; both to reveal God to man. Nature, his "elder Scripture," reveals him as the primal Cause of all its causes, Lawgiver of all its laws, Designer of all its beneficent results. "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." His works throw light upon his word; and his word upon his works. As each is progressively better understood, their harmony will become more and more

apparent, and it shall be seen that real antagonism exists only between human opinions in regard to nature and revelation, and not between these twin products of the same God.

During the past few years, the science of geology has demonstrated the falsity of an interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, which had been held sacred for ages; but while overthrowing the human interpretation, it has marvelously confirmed the divine integrity of that chapter, by showing its true teaching, corroborated by testimony found in the remains of geologic ages.

So I believe it will be in regard to other sciences, specially those which are revealing the wondrous physical and spiritual natures of man—their mysterious relations to each other, and strange facts in connection with their abnormal conditions. Divine truths in these departments are yet to throw astonishing light on the real meaning of the divine word. Do not, therefore, friends, make the woeful mistake of identifying men's opinions of the Bible—however long cherished or sacredly held—with the Bible itself; and if in the progress of knowledge you shall see venerable traditional interpretations totter and fall, be not alarmed. Remember that they are merely human expositions, not the record itself. That “cannot be broken.” “The word of our Lord shall stand forever.” That is the “sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.”

In this Scripture, *three persons* are represented as actors.

I will give you information concerning each of these, separately, before studying the scene in which they appear together. Because, to any acquainted with his history, it must seem strange to find the great prophet of Israel, the founder of the first school of prophets, in such company, and taking part in such proceedings as are here recorded, I notice him first.

Samuel, you will remember, was one of the last of the Judges. His history is one of the purest, noblest, on any record. He was the son of the pious Hannah, who took him to the Tabernacle at Shiloh, with a thank-offering, and said to Eli, the priest, while she held the beautiful child in her arms: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." Thus, pious mother that she was, she dedicated her child to God. He remained in the tabernacle, and spent his youth and early manhood in its sacred services. Subsequently he was elevated to the Judgeship of Israel, and administered the laws during twenty years, so as to meet the approbation of God, and promote the highest interests of the people. He was also honored with the gift of prophecy; so that he was not only a civil judge, but a spiritual guide. Moreover, he presided over the school of prophets at Ramah with dignity and success. When old, he appointed his sons judges. They, however, walked "not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." Israel, dissatisfied and influenced by the example of other nations, demanded a king.

This was painful to Samuel, and offensive to God ; for he said to his aged servant, while smarting under the ingratitude of the people : “ They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.” The Prophet Judge anointed their new king ; and while he lived was by his side as a living conscience. He died at the age of ninety-eight : but before his death, he assembled all Israel at Gilgal to hear his farewell address. It was a grand scene. Before the gathered thousands, the aged man, with white, flowing locks, venerable form, and voice tremulous with solemn emotion, arose to make his final speech. It is recorded in the twelfth of his first Book. I commend it to you. Do not fail to read it. I can only quote a few verses. “ And Samuel said unto all Israel : Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that ye said unto me, and have made a king over you. And now, behold, the king walketh before you : and I am old, and gray-headed, and behold, my sons are with you : and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am ; witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed : whose ox have I taken ? or whose ass have I taken ? or whom have I defrauded ? whom have I oppressed ? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind my eyes therewith ? and I will restore it you.” How exalted the eulogium on his character, conveyed in the response of the people : “ Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man’s hand.” Soon after this he died, and was buried with national pomp at Ramah, and all Israel made lamentation over him. In

all the annals of the Gentile world, no character so nearly resembles him as the Grecian Aristides, surnamed the Just, who, after holding high places of trust, was condemned to exile by his own countrymen, and died in poverty, but with an unsullied fame.

The next person named in the record before us is *Saul*. Glance we at his history. He was "the son of Kish, a mighty man of power." Of young Saul, it is said: "He was a choice young man, and a goodly." And this is recorded of his personal appearance: "There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any of the people." Endowed with extraordinary intellectual power, in addition to his physical superiority, he was extremely popular; and to the eye of the Jews, longing for a king, he was their very beau-ideal of royalty. The account of Samuel's first interview with him in relation to the matter, is very interesting. We are told that when the aged prophet said to the noble youth, "On whom is the desire of all Israel? Is it not on thee and thy father's house?" Saul heard it with marked modesty; for instead of eagerly seizing the crown held out before him, meekly he replied: "Am I not a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore speakest thou so unto me?" Subsequently a national convention was held at Mizpeh, and he was chosen, by lot, to be the King of Israel. When the result was made known, the venerable prophet stood up with young Saul before the gathered representatives

of the nation, and said, pointing to the king, "See ye whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none among the people like him?" And the mighty crowd, swayed by tumultuous joy, shouted, "God save the king." He was then anointed by the prophet, and for a time was true to his God. During that period, as a king, he was wise in counsel, victorious in battle, popular at home and honored abroad; but a woeful change came over him. Popularity pampered his pride; gratified ambition made him self-conceited and self-reliant. He forsook God. He chafed at the faithful rebukes of Samuel, usurped the priestly functions of the prophet, and resolved on war without consulting God. Before his death, the faithful Samuel, then an old man, wearing a mantle, thus addressed him: "Thou hast done foolishly. Thou hast not kept the commandments of thy God. Thou hast rebelled, and rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft; therefore, because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, therefore he hath rejected thee." The king saw his faithful friend no more, for he was gathered to his fathers in Ramah.

Months rolled on, but Saul was a changed man. He became morose, gloomy, and revengeful; insomuch, that with his own hand he endeavored to murder David, his son-in-law. He ordered Doeg to slay eighty-five priests of the Lord, and became so utterly depraved that Jehovah, seeing that he was "joined to his idols, let him alone."

And then the Urim became dark; prophets were silent, and dreams and visions disappeared. He was abandoned

to his own heart, the heaviest curse that God can inflict on mortal.

The remaining person brought before us in this record is the *Witch*. This woman belonged to that class of persons which has existed in almost every age of the world, and are called by different names. In the Bible we have the following enumeration of different classes of these characters, the origin of whose arts is unknown, but whose highest developments were reached in Egypt, and from thence spread through the world.

There was the "*user of divination*": a mode of gaining knowledge of future events, employed among the tribes of the south part of Palestine. Ezekiel 21: 21 specifies three of the means they employed—arrows, sculptured images, and the entrails of animals. The "*observer of times*," or of dreams, was another, who, by this method, common in Egypt, Assyria, among Israelites, and the Greeks and Romans, sought supernatural knowledge. The "*enchanter*," or serpent charmer, Psalm 58: 4, 5; the "*witches*" and "*sorcerers*," composed most dangerous classes in Canaan, and are so fearfully condemned in Ex. 7: 11; 2 Kings 9: 22; Num. 23: 3; Jer. 27: 9; Mic. 5: 12. The "*charmners*," by the power of song—a method of soothing the nervous system, now used in the East—mentioned by Xenophon as common among the Greeks; and according to 1 Sam. 16: 23. and Ps. 58: 5, were numerous among the Israelites. Then there was the "*consulter of familiar spirits*," the *ventriloquist*—alluded to by Pliny and the Latin scholiast—persons who exerted a nervous influence on boys, by causing them to

look intently on vases, from which they seemed to call the spirits of the dead, while really they only spoke from their own abdomens. These are mentioned in Isa. 8: 19; 29: 4. There was also the "*necromancer*," or consulter of departed spirits, referred to in Deut. 18: 11. And besides these we find "*astrologers*," star-gazers, and monthly prognosticators, mentioned in Isaiah 47: 13.

Now I beg you to observe the strange fact, that this Bible, which so many people now-a-days profess to think behind the age, still has grouped together all the forms of witchery, enchantment, divination, necromancy, etc., that the learned world yet knows of. Observe the view of the character of these manifestations presented in the Bible.

The reality of mysterious phenomena is admitted.

It is stated that by means of these different methods, a real, mysterious influence was exerted, causing strange sounds, strange sights, and mysterious results—as the changing of the magicians' rods in Egypt were produced. And let any one study, in connection with the Bible, the history of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Indian magicians, soothsayers, jugglers, and wonder-workers, and he will assuredly conclude that the mysterious manifestations of the present day are still far behind what has been seen and heard in ancient and modern times, in other lands. For in almost every land and every age, the operation of these occult agencies has been witnessed and commented on by men most eminent in science and literature—by Franklin and Hale, by Walter Scott, Salverte and Thompson, by Galen, Pliny, and Cicero, by Plato, Socrates, and Zoroaster, as well as by Moses, David,

Isaiah, Luke, and Paul. The admitted facts are nowhere ascribed to supernatural agencies. Those causes are not always explained; they are admitted to be mysterious, originating in the deep hidden laws of nature, scientific skill, and artful management, operating upon the nervous element in the physical constitution, and the superstitious element in the human mind.

Another point in regard to the Bible view of this matter, is of immense importance, viz.: that *a resort to such means to obtain knowledge is everywhere condemned.*

Isaiah 8: 19: "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" Deut. 18: 9, 10, 11, 12: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." Lev. 20: 6: "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, . . . I will set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from his people." 27: "*The man or woman that hath a familiar spirit shall surely be put to death.*" Consult also, 18: 12, 14; Hosea 4: 11, 12. So in the New Testament, in the account of the rich man

and of Lazarus, Jesus says, "*If they believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*" Now the woman of Endor belonged to one of the classes I have mentioned. She was a necromancer, who professed to be able to call up the spirits of the dead. Women of her class had marked peculiarities. They were generally advanced in years; deeply versed in human nature; acquainted with all the weaknesses, hopes, and fears of the human heart; possessed of high nervous organizations, great nervous and magnetic power. They were also familiar with exciting drugs, and their mysterious effect on body and mind. Further, they were the keenest possible observers of men and passing events. And I ask your attention to this fact—they were *always wicked women, abandoned by their own sex, living alone, and devotees of the lowest forms of idolatry.* Such was the one before us. Her very name indicates that she was a devotee of the god Ador.

True, in this record she is called "a woman that had a familiar spirit," and I call her a witch. Why? Because, although sexually she was a woman, professedly she practiced witchcraft—and *therefore was a witch*, and such the world has called her ever since this record was written. Because such was her business, her profession by which she obtained her livelihood, she would have acknowledged the correctness of this title. I do not doubt but that she would have been "ashamed" of the ignorance of any, who would deny her right to the proper name of the profession, which she made a life occupation. History shows that the men were called "wizards," and women

“witches;” and because it came to be largely monopolized by women, it resulted in the business being called “witchcraft”; and because, in this record she appears before us *in her professional capacity*, I give the “woman of Endor” her professional title. I deem it merest justice to her to do so. Belonging to the most degraded social class, an outcast from respectable society, she would have grinned a ghastly smile to have heard herself called “a most estimable person;” simply because, when she saw the wretched king so affected by her “communications” that “there was no strength in him,”—he having “eaten no bread all the day, or night”—and doubtless afraid of the indignation which she felt might arise in his mind against her, *whose life was in his power*, she was shrewd enough to propitiate him with a hearty meal. Any witch was smart enough for that!

Observe now, these women did not profess to call up the dead by the agency of Satan or of inferior demons; but by the power of their gods, who were their “familiar spirits,” and who were idol gods, and therefore had no existence. Another fact to be remembered is, that these sorcerers possessed the power of what the ancients called Engastrymysme, that is, the power of speaking from the stomach, or ventriloquism. Pliny says, that in the temple of Hercules, at Tyre, which was located in the very country where the Witch of Endor lived, on the border of the Mediterranean, there was a consecrated stone, out of which gods were said to arise—that is, strange apparitions appeared, to which the attending priestess, by the power of ventriloquism, gave voice.

The last and the highest power possessed by these persons, to which I have now time to refer, was this: *The capability, in abnormal conditions, of coming "en rapport" with the minds of those who consulted with them*, so that those minds were opened to them. This power, possessed by persons of a certain nervous temperament, can be traced through all the records of the past. We call it animal magnetism, clairvoyance, the nervous principle, or psychology. It is demonstrated now, beyond a doubt, that by mysterious, but purely natural influences, a person of a *certain nervous organization can be placed in such connection with another, similarly organized, that the mind of the latter will be open to that of the former—the former will feel, see, and know just what the latter feels, sees, knows*. Let me give you a reliable fact. Eliot Warburton, Esq., one of the finest scholars of the age, in his book of travels, entitled "The Crescent and the Cross," states that at Cairo, he engaged a magician to visit him, who performed the following: A boy was called in, and after some ado, was made to look intently into his own hand; the magician gazed at him fixedly, working himself up into a great excitement; at last he said the charm was complete, and told Warburton that *any one he asked for would appear*. He asked for Sir Henry Hardinge. The boy said "he is here," and described him correctly, as a little man in a black dress, white cravat, gray hair, and having *but one leg*. Then W. asked for Lord E—n. The boy said, "he is here," and described him accurately—as a long man, with green glasses, bending forward. Lablache and others were called, and appeared *to the boy, who had been*

placed in *psychological connection with Warburton by the magician*, so that he saw what was in the consulter's mind. Records of the East are full of such instances.

In the "American Journal of Insanity," Dr. Bell, one of the most learned physiologists and keenest investigators of the times, gives the results of his examinations of modern "Spiritual Phenomena." He treats the whole matter with candor, and affirms that the spirit theory must be given up; for after the most extensive investigation, he is satisfied that "*what the questioner knows, the (so called) spirits know; and what the questioner does not know, the (so called) spirits are entirely ignorant of.*"

The Witch of Endor had that power—as well as all others of her class—haggard, godless, abandoned though she was. And the developments of this, before those who did not possess the power themselves, and are ignorant of its existence, produce the same effect in modern that they did in ancient times. They are readily ascribed to the spirits of the dead.

The first object of the lecture is now accomplished. You have now before you *Samuel, Saul, the Witch, and their individual callings and characters.*

We are now prepared to contemplate the *scene* in the record before us. Remember the faithful Samuel is long since dead, and gone to heaven. Remember Saul's condition. He is abandoned by God; the blood of eighty-five murdered dead is on his hands. He has rejected God, and God has rejected him. The hearts of Israel are alienated from him in consequence of his unjust and cruel government, and are already entwined around

young David, whom Samuel has long since anointed king, and in whom Saul has long beheld a successful rival, and vainly sought to murder. He is morose, sad, and gloomy. He eats no food, and has grown weak and pale. His ancient, national foes, encouraged by the disordered state of his kingdom, flushed with hope, will attack him on the morrow. They have marched unresisted to the centre of his country; and, as he gazed upon them, he has trembled beneath the conscious certainty that he was doomed—lost—forsaken by man—abandoned by God.

Night overshadows the earth; but not so black is its gloom as the darkness that fills the soul of the miserable king. *Of whom does he now remind you?* Do you remember Shakespeare's Macbeth? It would seem as if the immortal bard must have had the history of Saul before him when he wrote that terrific tragedy. Think of the parallel between Saul, the King of Israel, and Macbeth, the King of Scotland. Both arose *from low stations*. There was a time when neither of them ever dreamed of royalty. Both were *men of mark*, but treacherous and cruel. Both were *warriors*. Both were *murderers* of their own guests. Saul, in purpose, was guilty of the murder of his guest David; Macbeth, in deed; for he imbued his hands in the blood of Duncan. Both were the *cause of other murders*—Saul bade Doeg kill eighty-five priests; Macbeth hired a villain to waylay and slay Banquo. Both hunted the innocent, and slew them because of *jealous revenge*. Macbeth slew the helpless wife and children of Macduff; Saul hunted like a

blood-hound Abiathar for favoring David. Both sought to cement their tottering thrones *by blood*. Both had *evil spirits*—the one, in his own soul; the other, in the form of an ambitious, tempting, murderous wife. Both came into *desperate straits*. Both were pressed by *armed foes*. Both were abandoned by men and God. Both, in their dire extremity, resorted to *witches*—Saul at gloomy Endor; Macbeth on the blasted heath, amid thunder and lightning, met the unearthly hags—

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray.”

Both died *unnatural and tragical deaths*, by means of the same weapon, the sword. The heads of both were cut off *as trophies*. The injured Macduff bore in triumph the ghastly head of Macbeth; and the Philistines, the day after the battle, cut off Saul's head, and “fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.”

Tracing this parallel no further, I must ask you to look at a different view. Starting from Mount Tabor, we go southward four miles, until we reach a ravine, deep sunken, and buried now in dark shadows of overhanging woods. We pass down into the dismal shades, and in a dreary dwelling, near to which we see no human abode, we find Endor's witch—a lonely hag, the dread of children and good women, hedged around with a circle of evil rumors, a wretched outcast from human society, an outlaw, judged worthy of death by civil and divine governments. The dead hour of midnight has arrived. She hath heard no sound save

“The owl's screech and the cricket's cry.”

But look at her. She hears a noise. It is the sound of approaching footsteps. Her sunken, keen, black eyes dilate; she scarcely breathes; she knows that Saul has put to death all of her craft his officers could find, and now unknown steps are stealthily drawing near. A low knock is heard at her door. Calmly she opens it, and a tall man, muffled up in his robes, enters, followed by two attendants. He asks, in a low voice: "Bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee." The keen woman suspects a snare, and replies: "Thou knowest that Saul hath cut off those who have familiar spirits; wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?" He assures her upon oath that he will not betray her. Her suspicions are allayed. She fixes her magnetic gaze upon the pale face of the man before her, whose nerves are excited to the highest degree, and who, having eaten nothing that day or night, is a most admirable subject for psychological and magnetic operation—whose mind is wrought up to the intensest interest, his will being entirely submissive to hers—what modern medium could have wished for an easier object to operate upon? But mark: all is still, as she gazes with her snaky eyes into his pale face—until the nervous and magnetic union between them is formed; and lo! *she sees all that is in his mind*. Remember, he came there to see Samuel. Remember, the old man was in Saul's mind, as he last saw him, with his venerable locks and mantle. Remember, he was expecting to meet him, and therefore the moment the magnetic union is formed, and the woman sees what is in Saul's mind, she exclaims: "I see Samuel!" *Of course she did.*

She saw the object most prominent in his mind; and then, immediately *recognizing her consuler*, she cries out with affright. At this point, the mass of readers and commentators, in my honest judgment, have made a mistake.

They have thought that the certain evidence that *Samuel really appeared, is found in the fright of the witch*. I submit to you that this is an error; for remember she was condemned to death by the law of the land. Remember she was suspicious of a snare as soon as she saw the three men, and would not proceed with her incantation until assured, upon oath, of her safety. Remember that of no man on earth had she such cause to be afraid as of Saul; for the law condemning witches had been a dead letter until he had put it terribly into execution. Remember she herself explains the cause of her alarm by her exclamation: "Why hast thou deceived me; for thou art Saul?"

Her alarm, then, was not on account of the figure of Samuel she saw in Saul's mind—for such views her profession made her familiar with—but it was because her life was in jeopardy, inasmuch as she had been detected by the king himself. And mark further, that as soon as Saul again assures her of safety, you hear of no more alarm, but without comprehending the natural agencies at work, she resumes her psychological connection. Saul tremblingly asks: "What sawest thou?" For, recollect, that during the whole scene, it is not said *that he saw anything*. The proof of this is found in the fact that he asks her: "What sawest thou?" She did all

the seeing, and told him that she saw "gods ascending out of the earth." Now this was either a conscious lie—for there were no gods in the earth to come up—or the visionary effect of her own excited imagination. Then, in reply to a question of Saul, in whose excited mind Samuel was as he last saw him, an old man with a mantle on; ignorant of this purely natural, yet strange power, whereby his mind was all open to that of the witch, Saul, like many now-a-days, was satisfied that it was a supernatural power, and so astonished was he that he fell down in alarm. Then commenced the conversation between Saul and the imaginary Samuel through this medium.

An *apparent difficulty* here presents itself; but it is only an apparent one. The record says: "Samuel spake to Saul." This mode of expression is common. It is said that "Solomon built the temple," whereas he did not touch a stone personally. It is said that "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John," whereas he baptized none himself; he did so by the agency of others. You say: "I built yonder house;" you mean you employed others to build it for you. Go to a modern "spirit circle," and receive what purports to be communications from your mother, and they will come through the medium; and still spiritists will say: "Your mother says so-and-so." Then we have no difficulty in understanding that what purported to come from Samuel came through the witch medium, who, by the power of ventriloquism, easily caused Saul to believe that the voice was supernatural.

In further proof of the correctness of this interpreta-

tion, I ask your attention to a fact, which to my mind is perfectly conclusive. It is this—*every item of information purporting to come from Samuel, already existed in the knowledge and excited fears of Saul*. Bear in mind the circumstances. Saul, nervous and deluded, *believed* Samuel was personally there, simply because the witch *said she saw him*. How she saw him I have explained. It was natural that Saul should *conceive* of Samuel demanding why he had been called; hence the question—“Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?” That the holy prophet would have used such language—so heathenish in its wording and purport, if he really had been there—is simply preposterous. But that the psychological impressions would anticipate *such a rebuke* from Samuel, is perfectly natural. And anticipating it, he utters his ready justification, which I beg you to remember. Having “perceived,”—*i. e.*, become satisfied, from the account of what the witch had said she saw, *viz*: “an old man covered with a mantle,” or linen ephod, such as the prophets wore, that he was in communication with Samuel; and having anticipated the rebuke—this is his doleful answer: “I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.”

Then commenced the communications. The *first* was—that the “Lord had departed from Saul, and that therefore he ought not to ask aid of him.” *Did not Saul know that?* Why, he had just told the imaginary Samuel that

God had abandoned him ; that attempts to obtain knowledge from departed spirits had been expressly forbidden, he had known from his boyhood ; and of his final rejection by Jehovah, Samuel distinctly announced to him before his death. See 1st Sam. xv : 23.

The *second*—stated that “ the Lord had taken the kingdom from him and given it to David.” *Was that news?* Assuredly not, for Samuel had anointed David king ; the people’s hearts had all gathered around him ; Jonathan knew this fact, for he said to David, “ I know that the Lord hath given thee the kingdom ” ; and because Saul was well aware of this truth, he had sought assiduously to slay the Lord’s anointed.

The *third*—stated that the reason God had done this was because of Saul’s conduct in *relation to Amalek*. It will astonish any one who has not critically examined the subject, that the *words of this communication are almost precisely those addressed to Saul*, in awful tones of retributive warning by Samuel, at their last interview before his death—words which had impressed themselves indelibly upon the guilty conscience of the treacherous monarch.

The *fourth* and last stated that in the morrow’s battle, the Philistines would be victorious, and himself and sons be slain. Mark the language here employed—“ to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.” Would Samuel have employed such language if he had been there? Why for months *before his death* he would not allow Saul to approach him ; and would he have so overlooked all moral distinctions as to promise him a place in heaven by his side? Would he not have urged immediate repentance

upon the guilty king, and preparation for the speedy entrance into eternity, which was before him? Now I admit that this was not in his mind in the form of *positive knowledge*, as I have demonstrated that the facts of the other communications were; from the nature of the case, it could not be. *But was it not there in another form?* Is not this the very thing *he dreaded*, and to avoid which he sought aid? Was not this a result foreseeable to the most ordinary intelligence, under the circumstances—his own arm being unnerved—his courage gone—his army dispirited—his people disaffected, and God his enemy? I affirm, therefore, with confidence, that this last communication was simply *the terrific embodiment of his own awful apprehensions and torturing fear*.

Sir Walter Scott, in his learned work on "Demonology and Witchcraft," although holding a different theory of this matter from the one I am presenting, still admits the truth of my last statement, in the following language: "The defeat and death of the broken-spirited king was an event, which the circumstances in which he was placed rendered highly probable, since he was surrounded by a superior army of the Philistines; and his character as a soldier rendered it likely that he would not survive a defeat, which must involve the loss of his kingdom." And the result throws light upon the state of his mind. You remember that he was not *slain by the enemy*; he committed *suicide*, an act which he doubtless premeditated; for no one who understands his character, can, for a moment, believe that he would

allow himself to be taken captive—the inevitable consequence of a defeat which should leave him unslain. And these are all the communications made to him by this wretched medium, who pretended to call up spirits from the “vasty deep.” But no honest, sincere consulter of professed spirits now-a-days could be more sure that he has received communications direct from the spirit-land, than Saul was. He was convinced, overwhelmed, sore afraid, and fell full length upon the earth. The witch got ready a meal, of which they all partook, and then the wretched king returned to his royal tent at Gilboa.

At last, morning's light falls upon the Hebrew mountains, and chases away the shadows of that dismal night. The armies meet in deadly combat. Victory soon perches upon the banners of Philistia. Gilboa is covered with the gory bodies of the slain. The mountain breeze is laden with the wails of the dying, and the air is rent by the victor shouts of the proud foe. A poet hath conceived of Saul at this terrible juncture, stretching his tall form to its utmost height, as he beholds his surviving soldiers, and exclaiming—

“Away, away, degenerate Hebrews, fly
From Saul, nor see your monarch die.
The hateful phantom vainly now implored,
Unarmed my spirit and unedged my sword.
Else, fled not Saul before the haughty foe,
Nor on his back received the Gentile blow.
Haste, slave, strike, strike! the victor shall not say
The chief of Israel was a living prey.

"Strike the sharp weapon through my mangled breast,
One deep wound more be added to the rest.
Coward! this is the day, this is the hour;
Saul not outlives his glory and his power."

Drawing his own sword, he falls upon it; and as his life-blood gurgles away, and through the gathering gloom the ocean fullness of eternity heaves in view, his soul's emotions are thus interpreted:

"Eternity! how dark the waves that roll
In booming discord, on my frightened soul.
Eternity! how filled with wrath and gloom;
Creation's vast, yet never closing tomb.
Billows that flow in awful shade and fire—
Black, lowering horrors fierce, and flashing ire.
Mystic and tedious, yet unshunned by me,
Thy dismal terrors, O Eternity!"

Then all was still. Encased in royal armor that magnificent form lay lifeless on the ground, enshrouded, like that of many other spirit consultants, in the blackness of a suicide's death. Over his sad fate the magnanimous David thus lamented: "How are the mighty fallen! Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

The *second object* of this lecture is accomplished. You have before you the witch scene, and my interpretation

thereof. I pass to my last object: *which is to present some practical remarks deduced from both of the former.*

First—This subject throws light upon what are called “*spiritual manifestations*” of the present day.

Indeed, the case of the Witch of Endor and Saul is claimed to be one of the clear proofs that a human being can call back the spirits of the dead. Is it not evident that this case, at least, fails to support that theory? Now in addition to the arguments already presented, bear in mind that law of interpretation which requires that *where any passage can be fairly explained on natural principles, we must not resort to a miracle* for its elucidation; and consider, the strength of the *probability* that I am correct, in the view of this passage I have given you. The soul of Samuel, while in his body and out of it, was obedient to the will of Jehovah; while in its body, God was the subject of its love and obedience. Therefore if it had come back from the high ministries of heaven, it would only have been in obedience to the will of God. Now look at the character of Saul. He has rejected God, and God has rejected him. He will not answer him “by Urim, by prophets, or by dreams.” He is black with the clotted gore of nearly an hundred murders. Think of that witch—an idolater—an outcast—an outlaw; and tell me is there the least probability that, to gratify Saul, his enemy, God would send his servant Samuel from heaven into a witch’s den, in response to incantations, on account of which he had commanded that witches should be put to death? and send him, too, on the useless errand of communicating to him facts

that Saul already knew? Verily not! If one doubt remains, hear this passage, found in 1 Chron. 10: 13: "So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord: even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not; *and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit—to inquire of it.*" Again, I ask, can you believe that the spirit of Samuel would have appeared at the bidding of a vile witch, and the request of an apostate prince? Did God refuse Saul the response of his prophets? and did a witch compel the appearance of Samuel, the chief of the prophets, notwithstanding? No, no.

The only shadow of a reason for this prevalent opinion is based upon the alarm the witch herself expressed, when she said she saw the old man with a mantle. Surely you will never fall into that error again while you remember:

First.—That Samuel was thus in Saul's mind.

Second.—That she merely saw what any clairvoyant could have seen, had he been in magnetic connection with Saul.

Third.—That her own language demonstrates the cause of her alarm. She said: "Thou art Saul: why hast thou deceived me?" She was alarmed, because she thought she was detected in her unlawful business by the very king who had ordered such to be put to death. But while to our minds, illuminated by the light of the nineteenth century, there is not even a probability that in this case the spirit of the departed returned to earth, and made communications, still, as I have before hinted, Saul, the majestic king, was satisfied, convinced, that such was

the case; that he had really received a communication from a departed spirit; and it is possible that the woman herself really thought so too. For history plainly shows that that strange, yet purely natural agent, which we call electricity, galvanism, mesmeric influence, the nervous principle, the psychic force, was known to the ancients, and employed by them; and by many was regarded as supernatural, and therefore they supposed that when, by the excitement of their own nervous organizations, they induced a corresponding state of nervous sensibility, that it was caused by the spirits of the dead, or other supernatural powers. Hence both parties were often honestly and sincerely deceived. Does not this case then throw light upon what are called "spiritual manifestations" now-a-days—that portion, at least, where the medium merely communicates to the consulter, with whom she is in connection, facts of which she herself is ignorant, but which are all in his mind, though neither written nor spoken by him? And yet, how many honest, sincere people there are who go to a medium, and ask questions, either mentally or orally, in regard to matters known only to themselves, and because the things are either rapped out, written, or spoken by the medium, feel just as Saul did—astonished, satisfied, convinced that they have had communications from the dead!

And in regard to the remaining class of these phenomena, such as table moving, producing sounds and communicating matter which is not in the mind of the consulter—what is the rational and philosophical probability in regard to them?

Just this. Inasmuch as a thousand things now known to be the result of natural influences, in past days have been believed to be the products of supernatural power : and especially inasmuch as mesmeric trances, clairvoyant developments, and psychological influences have been regarded in past days as mysterious and inexplicable as these phenomena now are ; and as by the light of advancing science they are now believed by everybody to be merely the operations of hitherto unknown mental and physical laws, so I affirm that the reasonable, philosophical probability in regard to them is—that they are one of two things :

They are *either higher developments of now known physical and mental laws—or of others purely natural, yet to be discovered.*

Such was the view the soundest minds in our land held years ago. *But how stands the case now?* The progress of scientific research during the last twenty years has demonstrated that all the phenomena on which spiritism bases its claims, are to be traced to mundane sources. With this agree Dr. Carpenter, Faraday, and Mr. Crookes, the discoverer of the metal thallium, and Dr. Huggins, the leading spectroscopist in the world, and almost the first living astronomer. As the case now stands, every class of phenomena put forward by spiritists can be, and has been, produced by scientific experiment. In the ages past, these natural phenomena, because mysterious, were attributed to heathen gods ; two hundred years ago, during the Salem Witchcraft excitement, they were credited by witches and by other people to the

devil. Now spiritists hold that the very same things are due to the agency of departed spirits; while an advanced and advancing science traces them to natural forces.

The monks of the dark ages accidentally found themselves capable of exerting what we call mesmeric influence. They did not know what it was, or how they produced it, any more than honest modern mediums know how their raps are produced; but, like them, they ascribed it to supernatural power, and thousands of their adherents, just like the adherents of mediums now, religiously believed that it was the product of supernatural agency, which advancing science has demonstrated to be purely natural.

To this view I have heard but one prominent objection, namely: that mediums whose moral character is above reproach, *unitedly assert that they do have intercourse with the departed*—that they are perceptibly conscious of seeing, hearing, and receiving messages from them, and that as consciousness is the highest possible kind of testimony, they ought to be believed. To this I reply that the validity of proof derived from consciousness, can only be predicated upon *the consciousness of the mind in its normal or natural state*; for, in many abnormal or unnatural mental states, consciousness is no evidence at all. The man who has the delirium tremens is perfectly conscious that he sees snakes and devils; but is his consciousness any evidence of their presence? When under psychological influence, persons see men with noses four feet long, and women with a dozen mouths; is that any evidence of the existence of such monstrosities?

History will aid us on this point. During the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, what was then called necromancy—witchcraft—prevailed far more extensively over Europe than what is called spiritualism yet prevails over America; for it was the general, popular belief.

During a long period, all the mediums in extensive territories affirmed that they regularly attended what was called the Witches' Sabbath, and met many there whom they knew. And so sure were they of it, that when afterwards persons were placed upon their trial for witchcraft, they testified upon oath that the accused had been present, and participated in the exercises of the Witches' Sabbath. They testified that at those times they had seen the devil in person baptize novitiates, administer the sacrament to them; that they then all feasted, danced, and drank until cock-crowing; and then all returned home on the backs of demons, or astride broomsticks. Now these thousands of persons were honest in their belief; to them it was a matter of consciousness—to us a certain delusion. But how do I account for it, on the views presented in this lecture? Thus: everybody believed in witchcraft. Witches were in everybody's mind. *Persons no sooner passed out of the normal into the abnormal or psychological condition, than the universal belief in these spirits impressed itself upon them; and by the mental law to which I have referred, these impressions became embodied as visible realities, and they sincerely believed they were in communication with them.*

So I explain the phenomena of modern spirit inter-

course. The medium now sits down in a circle, prepossessed with the idea of communicating with spirits. He passes into the abnormal or clairvoyant state with this impression on his mind. The persons who compose the circle are similarly impressed; for they come there to obtain spiritual manifestations. Each one thinks of the spirit of some departed friend; and all these thoughts, by a strange and natural law, become impressed on the mind of the medium. And then he is enabled accurately to describe the departed, imitate their actions, tell when and how they died, etc., in exact accordance with the knowledge latent in the minds of those interested; so that the communications are merely "the responsive echoing of their own mental mechanism—the telegraphic rapping out of their own electric-borne thought." Now you observe that I do not accuse mediums of trickery or deceit. I apply to them or their adherents no scurrilous epithets. I admit the facts they claim. I simply deny their inference. They infer, as Saul did, that they are the products of departed spirits. I affirm that they are but the workings, as in the case before us, of mysterious, yet purely natural, physical and mental laws.

But it is said that learned men, occupying high stations, believe in the spirit theory. I reply that history has a parallel for this. What names stand higher than those of Sir Edward Coke and Sir Matthew Hale? Yet both believed in the reality of witchcraft, and the latter presided, in 1650, at trials where persons were convicted of it; and he condemned them to death.

Moreover, it is alleged that the vast numbers of spirit

believers is proof of its truthfulness. "The brains of the world," it is affirmed, are either avowed spiritists or favorably inclined to its "beautiful principles."

Such expressions are easily made, but not easily proven; and if proven, would not amount to much; because "the brains of the world," a few years ago, more generally believed in exploded witchcraft, than now in spiritism. But there is delusion about this matter; in proof of which I give the testimony of Mr. Tebb, an English spiritist who traveled over this country, in order to ascertain the facts. Judge Edmonds had said the number was between five and six millions; Dixon placed it at three millions; Warren Chase, at eight millions; other parties at ten or eleven millions. But Mr. Tebb, after a long and patient investigation, decided, that "including the children of believers, the whole number in the United States, is about 606,000." A mighty falling off is this, from the extravagant assertions of heated partisans. Over against this I take the liberty, simply as matter of information, of stating the statistics of our own denomination, which is only one of a magnificent galaxy of Christian denominations, each of which is gloriously enlarging. "The Baptist Year Book" for 1872 gives the following facts:

Number of church members in the United States, 1,689,000; of churches, 18,000; ordained ministers, 12,000; gain, during 1871, 22 Associations; 69,698 church members; 1,195 preachers; averaging 2 churches, 3 ministers, and 190 new members for each day in the year. And I am satisfied that similar, and perhaps even greater progress has been made by other evangelical denominations.

Surely, some at least, of "the brains of the world" must be outside of spiritism!

Doubtless, it has made very considerable progress; but why should it not? Mormonism has made prodigious advance, and expects soon to see the world at its feet. There are multitudes of people who have no settled convictions, who from different causes have become prejudiced against Christianity, and are utterly ignorant of even its first principles, and therefore, prepared to welcome any system which shall rival it. There are large numbers of backsliders, church members who have itching ears, and are regularly carried away by every new "ism" which appears; and besides these there are hosts of people who are constitutionally superstitious—revel in the marvelous—to whom it is as natural as it is to breathe to believe in ghosts, and refer everything which is inexplicable to them, to "spirit manifestations."

Moreover, what is the spiritism of to-day? Not a mere belief in the "possibility" of intercourse of the dead with the living; nay, that is only the *plausible* nucleus around which has gathered nearly all of the skepticism and unbelief, disaffection, and other antagonisms to Christianity, insomuch that it has come to pass that in it the church of God now finds its open and only avowed antagonist, breathing out sneers and bitter invectives. I pause to ask what has become of "mesmerism," "clairvoyance," "biology," "psychology," "magnetism," and other "isms" which were so popular a short time ago? We hear no more of them. Spiritism has swallowed them all, appropriates their operations to itself, and claims as its own all

their wonders! When I take these facts into the account I am surprised that such a comparative few are enrolled in its wide-stretched ranks. It has been well remarked that "the philosophic Shakespeare pictures only the *strongly excited* as seeing and hearing ghosts, nervous excitement gradually being aroused in mind after mind, until many see the same." The majority of human beings have always shown this tendency.

I feel the force of an inquiry which, I doubt not, has arisen in your mind. It is this:

Admitting, what I do, as to the reality of much of the so-called "spirit phenomena," why do not all seek for knowledge through their agency? Why do so many of the best, most stable portions of the community stand aloof, and refuse to countenance what is in this age called spiritualism; in other ages under other forms—necromancy, witchcraft?

Bear me witness, now, that I do not apply the opprobrious term, witch, to a modern medium. I do no such thing. Some of them are my personal friends, whose characters I respect, whose friendship I prize, and whose feelings I would not unnecessarily injure; and I feel conscious that nearly twenty-nine years residence in this city has convinced them that I am charitable in my feelings, and that I am kindly honorable to those who differ from me in their views. I beg you to observe that I do not say that modern mediums, in their *social* or *moral* characters, *are for a moment to be classified with those wicked ones of old*. All I say is, that it is my own conviction that one of the agencies employed by the woman of Endor and

others of her class, was the same mesmeric or nervous principle, inhering as a natural element in certain conditions of the body and mind ; an element which, traceable through all history in varied developments—call it spiritual influence if you will, for it certainly is intermediate between ordinary mind and matter—is the cause of these manifestations which they honestly think are caused by departed spirits. But then the question returns—“ *Why are they to be deplored ?* ” I answer you honestly and candidly. Because the spiritists are mistaken *in supposing that the phenomena they witness are new, whereas, even our own country has been the scene of far stranger events.* Consult “ Mather’s Magnalia,” Book 6, pp. 69, 70, and you will find that, in the days of New England witchcraft, mysterious rappings were heard—scratchings on bedsteads—drumming on boards—voices—a frying-pan rang so loud that it was heard an hundred yards distant—sounds of steps, and clattering of chairs were heard in empty rooms—ignorant men spake in various languages—one little girl argued concerning death with paraphrases on the thirty-first Psalm, which amazed the people—they spoke Hebrew and Greek—and the mediums while thus doing *closed their eyes—their frames were stiff*—one person was said to *have been drawn up by unseen power to the ceiling—violent convulsions, twitching of the muscles—oscillation of the body were the accompaniments.*

And what is remarkable in the analogy, Bancroft quotes from the diary of Mather this entry made after the witchcraft excitement, by which he was carried away, had died out: “ *I had temptations to Atheism, and to the*

abandonment of all religion as a delusion." Who can wonder at this? Similar results from yielding to such excitements strew the world's history. Such "wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."

Read that chapter of American History, and you will see that when the nightmare of the delusion passed away, the delivered people cried :

"See! they're gone. ———

The earth has bubbles, as the waters have,
And these were some of them; they vanished
Into air, and what seemed corporeal,
Melted, as breath into the wind."

They are mistaken, as Saul was, and the world has always been, *in ascribing whatever was strange and to them inexplicable, to supernatural powers*; whereas, advancing science has demonstrated that there are mysterious laws in our complex nature not yet fully understood, but which are amply adequate to account for all that has been seen or heard. Moreover, they make a sad mistake in arguing that because the Bible records instances of spiritual communications to men, that in this they find a probability in favor of their theory. But what communications are thus recorded? Those of angels sent by God on important errands; *not the spirits of the departed*.

Oh, I have one dear boy whose body now reposes in the grave, and whose darling soul is in heaven; and from the depths of a stricken heart I say, "Let no one attempt to call him from the bosom of Jesus." Nay, I say of him as David said of his boy, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

A fact recorded in 2 Chron. 21 : 12-17, has been used to prove that a communication has been received from a departed spirit. The record does not declare that the "writing" which came from Elijah to Jehoram was sent by *him after his translation*.

The Books of Chronicles are a continuation of the Jewish history, and contain withal historic facts not given in the Books of Samuel and Kings, though synchronous with these. By reference to 2 Kings 1 : 17, it will be seen that *Elijah lived at the same time as Jehoram*, and in the absence of any statement to the contrary, we are to conclude by every rule of historic interpretation, that the "writing," or letter from Elijah to Jehoram was sent while the former was yet on the earth.

And nothing is plainer than that the Scriptures teach, that angels *are a distinct order of intelligences*. It has been thought that at least two passages favored the theory of communications from the spirits of the departed dead to the living. These are found in Rev. 19 : 9, 10, and 22 : 8, 9 ; but the correct rendering of these verses gives no such meaning. The being who appeared is stated to have been an "angel." Chap. 22 : 8. Now, the proof that angels are not disembodied human spirits, is found in Hebrews 12 : 22, 23, where Paul classifies the "*innumerable company of angels*," and "*the spirits of just men made perfect*," as different orders of spiritual existences. This was one of the former ; and the true rendering of his words is—" *I am thy fellow servant* " ; that is, I am engaged in serving God just as you are ; "*and of thy brethren, the prophets* " ; that is, I am also a fellow servant of thy

brethren, the prophets. And like a true angel he directed attention away from himself, by saying "worship God," and as God's angels ever did, before this department of their services closed, at the completion of Revelation, and the coming of the Holy Spirit to teach, illuminate, and guide our souls—this angel bore his witness to our adorable Christ, by affirming that "*the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.*"

We oppose them, because, believing as we do from history and from science, that what is seen and heard is the result of a high state of nervous and magnetic excitement, it is highly *injurious to the physical constitution*. Remember, your mediums are generally young girls, or highly excitable women, or, what is more pitiable, nervous men. Remember, that the more they attend circles where, in silence, this nervous magnetic principle is excited, the more deranged their nervous organizations become; until, not unfrequently, wildness and even insanity is the result. It is dangerous to experiment with our nervous energy. We oppose them because we are forbidden to seek knowledge "from such sources." (Isaiah 8: 19; Deut. 18: 10, 11, 12.) Why?

It is not thus to be obtained. It is a significant fact that all the literature of spiritism *has not added a new thought to the world of mind*. One of the ablest thinkers, calmest investigators, and best writers in America—I refer to Mr. Ripley of the *New York Tribune*, who is familiarly acquainted with the phenomena and literature of spiritism—in a withering review of Mr. Owen's last book, wrote the following as his convictions: "As illustrations

of religious truth they (spirit communications) can never take the place of oracles of old ; as fictions of the imagination they are inferior to the creations of romance ; and as expositions of scientific facts they are a folly and a snare. The hope of gaining increase of knowledge from such glamour is no less absurd than to study the principles of motion in the mysteries of the Chinese puzzle." Mr. Owen himself, in that very book, says, "that exclusive devotion to spiritual influences produces a vague and heavy literature in which common sense has no part."

Moreover, spiritism is now chiefly employed *in destroying confidence in the Bible, and promulgating exploded heresies.*

I am aware that a great many good people, honest people, do not believe this. They hear spiritists proclaiming that they love the Bible "a thousand times" more than they did when they professed religion. But, what next? You hear from the same lips the most bitter sarcasms—the fiercest denunciations—the keenest ridicule—the most strenuous denials—of portions of the same Bible. You hear vauntingly proclaimed, as if they were new, the charges made by infidels, ages ago, against the Scriptures, which have been triumphantly answered a thousand times.

Moreover, we oppose spiritism because it is becoming, in my judgment, *the fruitful source* of other errors. I believe that "Free-loveism" is simply spiritism gone to seed. *What is that?* It is the doctrine of which Victoria Woodhull is the leading exponent and advocate. She declared it, not when she presided in this city, over "The

National Convention" of spiritists, but in a public meeting in New York, where she affirmed,—“ Yes, I am a free lover! I believe I have an inalienable right to change my husband every day, if I like. I trust I am understood; for I mean what I say, and I say what I mean.”

Now, I do not say that all spiritists are free-lovers. I know they are not. Many of them despise this doctrine as much as we do. But I do say *that the leading free-lovers are spiritists*. And until spiritism excludes these people—as churches exclude their heretics, fallen ministers and members—it will be held responsible for their doctrine, and it ought to be. Is it not remarkable that *the Bible foretells exactly these times, people, and doctrines?*

I quote 1 Timothy 4: 1, 2, 3: “ Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry.”

This “ism” has lately been loudly both decrying and praising the Bible. Now, the Bible says, “ If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.” Spiritism directs us, in opposition, to seek it of disembodied spirits. Christianity holds up the Lord Jesus Christ as the great Revealer of God and duty to man. Spiritism degrades him to the place occupied by thousands of other mediums, and then believes his testimony regarding himself, when he declares, “ All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” “ All things are delivered unto me of my Father.” “ That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father.” “ All judg-

ment is committed unto the Son." "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Spiritism ignores the Holy Spirit; of whom the Lord Jesus said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." "*He shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.*" He is called "the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, because he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you." "*He will guide you into all truth.*" Here is the *genuine spiritualism* of the Bible. Oh that men would seek the Divine Spirit—his illumination, his guidance, consolations in their sorrows, directions in their perplexities! Did not the Lord say, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?*"

Spiritism practically ignores *prayer to God*, one of whose sweetest titles is—"Hearer of prayer." It substitutes in place of it, invocations to departed human spirits, the most of whose so-called communications demonstrate that instead of "progressing" they have retrograded in sense, in taste, and in ability. Mr. Gardner, one of its leaders and ablest advocates, publicly declared in "the National Convention," held in this city, that he "wanted no more praying to Jupiter, Josh, Jehovah, or any other imaginary God."

Finally it does no practical good. What hospital or asylum for the poor, sick, or degraded has it founded?

where are the drunkards it has reformed? the degraded it has elevated? the ignorant it has instructed? where are the families it has made holier, happier, more benevolent and useful? Are not its energies directed, not against the rampant vices of our city, but against our Bible, our churches, our ministers, our Christianity? Is it not forever arguing, debating, contending, instead of preaching "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace goodwill toward men," and laboring to make men purer, better, more charitable, and more beneficent? Is not its animus arrogant, pretentious, illiberal, denunciatory, fierce? I affirm that it has made no good man or woman better; and that it has made many others more conceited, more self-complacent, more uncharitable towards those who differ from them, than ever they were before. It loudly professes liberality, and yet is most intolerant, illiberal, and bigoted itself. "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns? or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; *but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.*"

Tell me honestly whether true science, developing the deep principles of nature, which is God's elder Scripture, does not supply all our material wants? Tell me honestly and truly, ye who know what there is—for many there are who do not—in spiritual Christianity, genuine Bible religion, God's later Scripture, what hope, what fear, what desire, what want, what yearning of our soul it does not supply, in its sublime revealments of God, of man, of law, of gospel, of time, of eternity?

O Bible Christianity! sure word of prophecy—lamp of

our feet—guide of our way—illuminator of our reason and of the great mysteries of Providence and eternity; blessed Christianity! sealed by the blood of the Son of God, attested by genuine miracles, signets of the Almighty—confirmed by the testimony of millions of bleeding martyrs and the history of eighteen centuries; precious Christianity! thou soother of human sorrows; thou support when all else fails; guide of wayward youth; staff of tottering age, victor over death; opener of heaven; with the pious of earth and the ransomed of glory, I bow my soul before thee in humility, in awe, in thanksgiving; for thou art the hope of humanity, the originator of all noble reforms and generous charities. Thou art our sun; and all other lights

“Lead but to bewilder, and dazzle to blind.”

Thou art our rock, and all is sea beside. It is the boast of spiritism that the numbers of professors of religion are decreasing; that in a few years the Bible will be merely an antiquated relic of the past; that Christian churches will be broken up, Christian sanctuaries converted into halls for exhibitions. Its leaders at least are resolved that if these results are not reached, it shall not be their fault. What awaits us in this regard in the future, I know not. That Christianity is to be attacked more fiercely than ever before; that there will be a great falling off of nominal professors; that the Christian church will be sifted,—the prophecies of my Bible assure me. For aught I know Christianity may again, as in the past, suffer a temporary defeat, and error seem to have the ascendancy. But I do know that—

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers!"

I do know that the once crucified but now glorified Jesus, the friend of the poor, the needy, the oppressed of all mankind, on whose immaculate brow triumphant error once wreathed the crown of thorns, shall yet wear the resplendent crown of all the earth—shall see of the travail of his soul in a regenerated humanity, a redeemed world, and be satisfied. I do know, that though I myself may apostatize, though all professors may turn their backs on true religion, and wander after every "ism" that may start up and draw its thousands after it, that still "He shall have a seed to serve him"; that still in this very world in whose soil his gory cross was planted, whose air was vocal with his death-groans! yea, this earth, the scene of his ignominy, shall yet be the theatre of the glory of his conquering grace; and as it revolves in its orbit, shall send up to the throne of the God of the Bible, anthems of praise loud as seven thunders, and melodious as the choruses of eternity-trained angels.

One thing is certain, as Milton has beautifully said, in his Christmas Hymn:

"The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priests from the prophetic cell."

The heathen oracle is no more, the witchcraft of past days is no more—in *that form*; delusions which have beclouded the minds of men are fast disappearing before true science and true religion; but “Beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.”

XIV.

WHIPPING CHURCHES.

I once met, near our church, a minister from a neighboring locality. He was a fine looking gentleman, dressed in the most approved style of clerical propriety, carried a gold-headed cane, and his entire appearance clearly advertised his profession. After ordinary salutations, he inquired how it was that I “had managed to stay so long in one church.” I responded that I was not conscious of having “managed” in any way, to that end; but had simply striven to be a good Christian myself, and be kindly helpful to all. He raised his cane, as if about to strike an object, and said:

“*You are making a mistake. These churches are like dogs; the more you whip them the better they will love and obey you.*”

I was so amazed, that my reply was sadly behind

the occasion ; and it has been a matter of permanent regret that, despite his seniority, I had not told him that there were dogs which, if they were stricken, would not only bark, but bite ; and showed him how diametrically opposite to the spirit of the gospel his coarse expression was. I watched his subsequent record, and found that his pastorates—Presbyterian though he was—averaged about four years. How differently Paul wrote on the same subject. He said : “ I have made myself a servant unto all, that I might gain the more. . . . To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.” “ Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many ; that they may be saved.” “ We were gentle among you.” “ We exhorted and comforted you, as a father does his children.” “ Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed.”

XV.

MAJOR DE GOLYER.—A STORY OF THE WAR.

We cannot forget the shock of mortified disappointment felt, when the news of the defeat of our army

at Bull Run reached us. It was known that Samuel De Golyer, a brother of one of our deacons, was in that disastrous battle; but no news of him could be obtained during succeeding weeks and months, and we concluded that he must have been slain. Again and again I thought of preaching a memorial sermon, in memory of the Christian soldier; but the possibility of his being in a Southern prison restrained me. He having lived nearly all his life in the West, I had never met him personally. One Lord's Day I preached from this text: "*Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*" (John 20: 20.) The sermon was chiefly devoted to depicting the circumstances in which we are "glad" to see those we love, such as—when we have been separated for a long time, when the person from whom we have been separated has been exposed to direful perils, and specially, if we had mourned him as dead—which was the case of the disciples. I had noticed a stranger in the De Golyer pew; but did not give him a second thought. At the close of the service our deacon brought him to me, and introduced his brother, whom we had been long sorrowing for as dead. The strange appropriateness of the text to the circumstances, so united our hearts, that quite a warm relation was at once established between us.

During the siege of Vicksburg, while in command of a battery, his bravery was so conspicuous, that General Logan, his Division Commander, complimented him on the field. Later in the conflict his thigh was shattered by a cannon-ball, and he was borne to his home in Hudson, Michigan, where after having bravely endured inexpressible sufferings, he died in the triumphs of faith. He left a request that I should preach his funeral sermon. He was a member of the Methodist Church; but because of his pastor's supposed sympathy with the South, a decided coolness had grown between his minister and the enthusiastic soldier. That, doubtless, was one reason for the dying request that I should officiate at the funeral. It is difficult now to realize the excitement in a country village, caused by a military funeral in war time. Business was, by general consent, suspended, and it seemed as if the population of the entire surrounding country had gathered in the place of worship to pay reverent honor to their fellow-citizen, of whose integrity of character, and heroism in battle, they were justly proud.

I digress to relate an incident, the memory of which always excites my risibility. At the house, before the funeral, a large number of friends were assembled, among whom were ministers of all denomi-

nations. One of them, who was a Baptist, came and sat beside me, with whom substantially the following conversation ensued :

“ You are from Troy, New York ? ”

I replied that I was.

“ Do you know a Baptist minister there of your name ? ”

At once I saw that he had been led into what was a very natural mistake. The dead hero was a Methodist. The funeral was to be in a Methodist church; and of course the preacher on this occasion must be of the same denomination. To his inquiry, I told him that I was intimately acquainted with the person to whom he referred, and could truthfully say that I thought just as highly of him as he deserved.

“ Well,” he said, “ is he not worthy of being very highly thought of? Out here among our people, many of whom have read his books, and all of whom are familiar with his name, we think him one of our foremost, smartest ministers ! ”

“ Brother,” I replied, “ I am the last man in this world to do him injustice ; but truth compels me to say—that he is doubtless a good man, an average preacher, a faithful pastor ; but he has no special talent or attainment, and is more indebted to favoring provi-

dences, and the kindness of God's people, than any other man I know of."

My hearer was amazed. I could act my part no longer, but laughingly told him that he might rest assured that what I had said was true, because I was myself the person of whom we had been talking!

The pastor had made the mistake of not visiting his fatally wounded church member, simply because he had not been invited to do so. Neither did he come to the house, at the services there. As the great procession neared the church, I asked the friend who walked with me to point out the Methodist preacher, if by chance he saw him at any time in the crowd. There was a pause in our march; and my friend indicated that a fine-looking gentleman, standing as a spectator on the side-walk, was he. Leaving the ranks I went to him, and extending my hand, told him who I was and why I had come hundreds of miles to perform the service requested by a dying Christian brother, some of whose relatives were members of my church, and to whom I was strongly attached. I told him that I keenly sympathized with him in his peculiar position on this occasion; but hoped that for the honor of our common Christianity, he would himself "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In a decidedly cold voice, he replied:

"Sir, I have been treated badly throughout this whole affair ; but, what is it that you want me to do?"

"Please brother," I responded, "give me your arm, walk with me in the procession, and open the services in your own church."

In a decidedly cool manner he did as requested. The church was packed. Its open windows crowded outside. The pulpit was so full of ministers, that I had merely standing room while preaching. The Lord helped me very graciously, and during the sermon I do not remember of once thinking of the pastor, who sat directly behind me. Immediately at the end of the church service, I was compelled to leave, in order to meet an imperative engagement at home, and turning around in the pulpit to shake hands with him at parting, I was melted at what I saw. Currents of tears were streaming down his cheeks. His large, manly form was trembling with emotion, and unable to say a word, he extended a warm hand to me, and in broken accents, I said :

"Dear brother, farewell. We shall never meet again on earth ; but if at the final Judgment day, our glorified Judge wants additional evidence, I will then and there testify, that you have acted to-day worthy of your profession and your Lord."

XV.

RELATIONS TO TEMPERANCE.

"The ravages of intemperance are greater than the combined ravages of war, pestilence, and famine."—
W. E. GLADSTONE.

In 1879, these "ravages" became so alarming in our city that all good citizens felt that some united effort must be made to arrest them. It was finally agreed to commence a regular campaign in our City Hall, and secure Francis Murphy, and those sweet singers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, to conduct it. Of all men, Murphy was God's man for the place, the time, the work. He says: "I preach 'gospel temperance,' because it teaches the power of kindness, love, and the sympathy of the blessed Saviour and his people to deliver the drunkard from the chains that bind him, and lead him into the paths of peace, virtue, and religion." He believes, as I do, that the only basis of hope for permanent salvation from the sin of intemperance is identical with that of salvation from all sin, which is truth addressed to the mind, and grace experienced in the heart, which leads to the personal prohibition of everything that is wrong in itself, or harmful to others. He believes, as I do, that the efforts of Christians ought to be chiefly projected on

the line of personal efforts to save persons endangered by the drinking habit, because there are sufficient legal enactments on our law books relating to this matter, which are entirely inoperative, from being unsustained by public sentiment; and that we ought therefore to work chiefly for the rectification of that sentiment, while as citizens we do what we can, by our votes, for the immediate restriction of the liquor traffic, in hope of preparing the way for its ultimate prohibition.

Mr. Murphy is accustomed to say that he "does the largest business on the smallest capital of any man in the United States." In some sense that is true; in one it is not. In all my acquaintance with men, I never met one who seemed to be so constantly permeated by the genuine Christian spirit as he was. That is the most efficient "capital" possible to humanity. During that entire campaign, which continued through several months, our church gave up its Sunday evening services, and with its pastor did all he could to sustain our leader. One result was that some seven thousand took the total abstinence pledge; and many were converted, and some are now efficient church members. In illustration of one method of working, I relate the following fact:

A young lady of our church, with two female com-

panions, sat in the crowded gallery of the hall during one of the meetings. The address had been delivered, and such an appeal as I have heard from no other lips, been made. Near these ladies sat a ragged, haggard victim of intemperance. Nobody went near him. Finally our young sister left her seat, and said, in her kindest tones :

“Please go down stairs, and take the pledge.”

The wretched man was astonished at being spoken to by an elegantly dressed young lady, but roused himself, and said :

“I will, if you will go with me !”

And before that vast audience she accompanied that wretched-looking specimen of degraded humanity down the stairs, up through the central aisle, stood by him until he signed the pledge, tied on his tattered coat the blue ribbon, and then resumed her seat. That man kept his pledge while he remained in Troy; and when he removed to another locality he wrote a letter to her, assuring her of his steadfastness in the new life, that he was comfortably supporting his family, all of whom joined in heartiest thanksgiving to the Christian young woman, who had saved them from degradation and want. Does not the blessed Master say to all of us—“Go, and do thou likewise”?

XVI.

A BAPTIST BISHOP.

In all Northern New York there was no minister of any denomination during many years, so generally and favorably known as J. O. Mason, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church at Greenwich, Washington County. His pastorate began in the spring of 1844, and mine began in the summer of the same year. For more than thirty years he was not only the beloved pastor of that church, but practically the "Bishop" of all our churches throughout the adjoining country. His dignified personal appearance, his serene, gentle, Christian spirit, eminent practical wisdom, patient firmness, and deep experience; his constant consecration and fine preaching abilities, secured for him, not only the deepest love of his own church, and the confidence of all Christians of all churches, but the profoundest respect of everybody, whatever their views of Christianity might be. Because of his rare qualifications, and as expressive of their appreciation of him, he was annually chosen Moderator of his Association, just as long as his health would allow him to perform its duties. In beautiful symmetry of character, he was exceptional; and so was his protracted success in his ministry. When enfeebled by

disease, he resigned the office he had held during more than a generation ; his model church refused to accept the resignation, and proposed to provide an assistant for him. He heartily united with them in calling Rev. Thomas Cull to become "Associate Pastor." With a Christian magnanimity I have never known surpassed, the brother refused the position offered him, insisted that Dr. Mason alone should be "the pastor" while he lived, and was himself contented to become the assistant of the grand old man. By that unselfish act he at once secured a place in the confidence and love of that entire community, such as he could not have obtained in years in any other way ; and it is no wonder that his pastoral success in that field has been constant. By it he magnified the pastoral office, honored our adorable Lord, and has demonstrated that in the kingdom of Christ, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." After much physical suffering, in a good old age, the bishop went "to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest." At his funeral I preached from Phil. 1 : 3 : "*I thank God upon every remembrance of you.*"

After the interment of his body, amid a crowd of mourners—for everybody was a mourner at that funeral—many sympathizers came to his widow, who was leaning on my arm, and spoke the most apprecia-

tive words concerning her husband. She listened to them all in tearful silence ; but when they were all gone, she exclaimed : “ *Oh, if they had only said some of those kind words to my dear husband himself, how they would have cheered and comforted him !* ”

Who does not make the sentiment of this poem his own ?

“ If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said—
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

“ If I should die to night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way :
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay ?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

“ O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely ; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive ! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
When ceaseless bliss is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.”

XVII.

A MINISTER WHO COULD NOT DO A MEAN THING.

Among the last of our more prominent ministers, who has ascended from the toils of the church militant to the glories of the church triumphant, was E. L. Magoon, D. D., of Philadelphia. The pulpit and press have paid glowing tributes to the purity of his personal character, variety of his attainments, splendor of his enthusiasm on his special lines, superiority of his powers of descriptive eloquence, and his perpetual devotion to truth and duty. He was my neighbor for seven years while pastor in Albany, and personal friend during more than thirty years. I bear testimony that I never heard him speak unkindly of a brother in the ministry, or express a harsh judgment upon one of them, even when their conduct was open to criticism, or upon their performances, even when they were not meritorious. He was full of rich generousities, and delighted in helping others. Invited to come from Philadelphia, and assist at the funeral of Dr. Welch, he responded :

“I will go five hundred miles any time to attend the funeral of a minister who could not do a mean thing.”

He had the intensest abhorrence of any conduct

which was vitiated by meanness. It was morally impossible for him to be guilty of a "mean" act. In very truth, he was "a man in Christ Jesus."

Rarely has a more pathetic and characteristic scene been witnessed than that which occurred at Saratoga, which for many years was his favorite vacation resort, and where he was universally popular, a few years before his ascension. He had resigned his pastorate, and had become so enfeebled that he did not often attend public worship. One Lord's Day the minister who had engaged to preach in the First Baptist Church in that place, for some cause failed to meet his engagement. The congregation was assembling; and the brethren hastened to Congress Hall, and besought the patriarch to help them in the emergency by going to the church, and saying a few words as he pleased. They knew that his venerable presence was worth more to the people than a sermon from any ordinary man. He went and preached with much of his former unction and fervor. Upon his return to the hotel, it was observed that he acted strangely; and such was the alarm produced, that his friends were telegraphed to come to him immediately. When they came on Monday, they found him very weak, but having no recollection of what had transpired on the previous day; and when told of it, he asked:

“Is it true? Did I go to church and preach yesterday? I do not remember having done either.” When assured of the facts, his grand eyes filled with tears, and in a trembling voice he said: “Brethren, did I by word or act dishonor my adorable Lord?” When answered that, on the contrary, he had honored his Lord, and greatly benefited his people, he joyfully exclaimed: “Well, then, I don’t care anything about it. All is right.”

XVIII.

A MISSIONARY’S LEGACY.

J. M. Haswell, D. D., was a successful missionary in Burmah during more than forty years. Dr. Judson said that “he was one of the most apostolic men he ever knew.” He came from Vermont when a boy to our city, and became connected with our Sunday-school. There he was converted, and licensed to preach by our church; they sustained him during his entire course at Hamilton. He retained his church connection with us during all his life. His son, Rev. J. R. Haswell, who followed him so successfully in his mission work, and died so prematurely, was also ordained in our church; and his daughter, Miss Susie Haswell, who ranks among our most useful missiona-

ries in foreign fields, is still a member with us. Through these honored and beloved missionaries our people have enjoyed living connections with foreign missions. When the younger Haswell was dying, he said :

“I shall leave an indebtedness of some three hundred dollars, which my family will be unable to pay ; but I am sure that the dear old church in Troy will pay it.”

The next steamer that sailed after we learned this fact took a gold draft from our people which canceled that indebtedness. Just before the venerable father died, he called his family around his bed, and said to them :

“Beloved, I am about to leave you. My work is done. But before I go I wish to give you a legacy ; and if it shall prove as rich a source of consolation and inspiration to you in the future, as it has been to me amid all the toils and trials of the past, it will be worth more to you than any earthly property. You will find it in Phil. 4: 6, 7: ‘Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God ; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.’”

XIX.

NEIGHBORING PASTORS.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"I am a companion of all them that fear thee."

"O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother!

Where kindness dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each gen'rous deed a prayer."

It has always been an article of my private creed that any religion which does not make its professor a good neighbor, is of inappreciable value. The second great commandment is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Of the ancient pious, it is recorded: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." Paul said: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification." Of this grace, assuredly ministers, especially neighboring pastors, ought to be exemplifications. Are we not all brethren, called by the same Lord to the same work? Can we hope to see unity of feeling and co-operation in action among our people, and so demonstrate the essential unity of our common Christianity, unless we practically love each other? Can we not be loyal to our churches, and, at the same time, be helpful to each other? What if we bear different

denominational names, and hold different theological doctrines—is it not true that our church connections and beliefs have been largely determined by our different social environments and educations; and ought not this fact to make us charitable toward each other's positions and opinions? Did not our adorable Lord say to his first ministers: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another?" (John 13 : 34, 35.) Did he not pray, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me?" (John 17 : 21.)

Assuredly, of all Christians, ministers ought to sing most heartily :

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Canon Farrar said of all Christians: "We might co-operate in all common work—infinite in its range—the work of the Church Militant, of the Church Pastoral, of the Church Beneficent, and of the Church Evangelistic. We might co-operate in all fraternal

sympathy always, banishing all pride, all jealousy ; speaking the truth in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace—

“Remembering our dear Lord, who died for all;
And musing on the little lives of men—
And how they mar that little by their feuds.”

Toward this ideal I have striven. Of course, affinity brought me nearer to some than to others ; but I have aimed at maintaining fraternal relations with all the pastors of all the churches, irrespective of differences in belief or politics. It was a grateful arrangement of Providence by which my Seminary colleague, C. P. Sheldon, D. D., became Pastor of the Fifth Street Baptist Church in Troy ; and I record with great pleasure the fact that during the nineteen years of his successful pastorate, our relations were fraternal, harmonious, and helpful. The following are the names of the beloved, honored, and useful neighboring pastors, who have died during the past forty-one years : Beman, Wadsworth, Smalley, De Witt, Halley, Clark, Garnet, and Prince, of the Presbyterian Church ; Van Kleek, Coit, and Harrison, of the Episcopal Church ; Wentworth, D. Brown, Bidwell, Coleman, George Brown, and Hurlburt, of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; Taylor, of the Universalist Church ; Pierpont, of the Unitarian Church ;

Drum, of the Roman Catholic Church; Howard, Warren, Walden, and Matison, of the Baptist Church. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

In his later years, the apostolic John Wesley wrote: "I am sick of mere opinions. Give me a man full of faith, good works, and mercy, without partiality—a man who will lay himself out in the work of faith, the labor of love, and the patience of hope. Let my soul be with all such Christians—wheresoever they may be, and whatsoever opinions they may hold." And to every word of that I say, "Amen." To myself, I put it thus: Any human being, who will be loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ—as *he understands Christ*—is my brother, and I will recognize him as such anywhere, at any time. For the great and good Mark Hopkins, D. D., wrote: "He that saith that Christ is 'Lord' is orthodox, for he acknowledges his divinity; and he who intelligently saith, 'Lord,' 'Lord,' is pious. But neither orthodoxy or piety is sufficient—there must be practical obedience to the Father's will." And I add, where there is such obedience, according to their understanding of that will, there is essential Christianity. Oh, if there could be more

public recognition of this essentiality, how much it would do

"To gather and knit together
The family of God."

Wendell Phillips truthfully said: "No one really believes his opinions who does not give free scope to those who hold their opposites. Persecution is a lack of faith in one's creed."

In a late sermon by that royal preacher, Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, occurs this startling and suggestive passage: "Martin Luther would have stood no more chance of receiving an unanimous ordination from our New York Presbytery, than of being elected to the Papacy by the Roman Catholic Cardinalate. And still the old heretic, with his ragged Bible, out of which he had fiercely torn the whole of the Epistle of James, did more to precipitate the kingdom of heaven than our whole Synod could do—conservatives and progressives all pulling together."

XX.

DENOMINATIONAL PROGRESS.

The progress of our denomination during this pastorate has been wonderful. The two churches which were in Troy in 1844 now occupy large, new, beauti-

ful edifices, free from debt, and are more than four-fold stronger in all the elements of church efficiency than they were, besides having organized three new churches, all of which are flourishing. The territory then occupied by "The Hudson River Baptist Association" is now covered by four "Associations." The old body was organized in 1815, and included some of the largest churches and most eminent ministers in the United States. The last session was held in June, 1850, when a separation took place. The interest of the occasion drew an immense audience to the Norfolk Street Church, in New York. The hereditary rivalry between the North and the South developed itself, in a friendly way, in the choice of a Moderator. The South put in nomination Rev. Edward Lathrop; the North, the Pastor of the First Troy Church. The latter was elected, and was nearly frightened out of his wits by being called to preside over such an august assembly. "The Hudson River Baptist Association, North," was soon after organized, and the same pastor elected its first Moderator. Our general progress may be approximatively conceived by the statistics of our three National Societies.

The receipts of the American Baptist Home Mission Society in 1844 were \$13,401.76. For the year ending May, 1887, they were \$552,003.47. The num-

ber of its missionaries in 1844 was 73; in 1886-87, 678. Its operations extend through 45 States and Territories; also in British Columbia, Alaska, and Mexico. In 1844, there was but one German Baptist Church in the country; last year there were 153 missionaries, and about 20,000 Baptists among the foreign populations. The Society maintains 17 schools among the Freedmen and the Indians, the value of whose property is about \$630,000, the Society itself holding the title to school property valued at \$350,000. It has expended about \$1,500,000 for missionary and educational work for the Freedmen in the South, and about \$5,000,000 for all purposes. It has aided 843 churches in the erection of houses of worship. Its permanent trust funds for general and church edifice work amount to about \$400,000. Over 3,000 pupils were instructed in its schools last year. Since its organization, 103,214 baptisms have been reported by its missionaries.

The receipts of our "Missionary Union," in 1844, were \$74,409.00. In 1886, they were \$552,314.67. Then it had 111 missionaries and assistants. In 1885 it had 1,720 missionaries; has now 1,160 churches in Asia and Europe, with a membership of 117,491. During the past year it has sent out 22 new missionaries, and baptized 5,370.

In 1844, the receipts of "The American Baptist Publication Society" were \$11,151.60. In 1887, they were \$624,140.43. It has now 78 missionaries, and its operations extend, not only through the United States, but also to Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Turkey, and Armenia. Its Business Department last year printed 24,156,044 copies of books, tracts, and periodicals, and not only paid all of its own expenses, but made a large contribution to its Missionary Department, so that all donations from individuals, Sunday-schools, and churches to its funds are sacredly devoted to its missionary work. The increase of its Business Department last year was \$47,644.89. Its Bible Department expended \$15,972.41 in giving the Holy Scriptures to the destitute. The average daily issues of this Society for the year were in all its publications 1,483,000 pages 16mo. H. H. Tucker, D. D., one of our ablest ministers in the South, editor of "The Christian Index," declares this Society to be "the greatest Baptist power in the world."

During this same period, four general Baptist "Women's Missionary Societies" have been organized, with auxiliaries in all parts of our country. The receipts of these, last year, were \$35,691.

There were, in 1885, in the United States, of regular Baptists, 28,953 churches; 16,191 ordained ministers;

2,572,238 church members, of *which* 160,000 were added last year; 7 theological seminaries, 29 universities and colleges, 23 female seminaries, 37 co educational schools, and 15 for freedmen. We have also 91 newspapers and reviews.

Rev. A. C. Osborn, D. D., who is famed for his statistical knowledge and accuracy, gives the following summary:

This, at least, is certain, that the offerings and receipts of our churches for one year, according to the latest official figures, *for strictly missionary purposes*—for the direct and immediate work of bringing to men a knowledge of the gospel of the Son of God—were \$1,671,736; that the offerings of our churches *for other forms of Christian benevolence*, over and above the support of the local churches, were \$1,914,442; and that the offerings of our churches *for local church support* were \$4,924,553, making a grand total of ascertained and reported offerings from our churches for one year of \$8,513,503.

XXII.

HOW LIFE LOOKS AT SIXTY.

SERMON.

“Thou hast granted me life and favor, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.”—JOB 10: 12.

During many years, it has been a slowly forming purpose in my heart that if I should live to reach my six-

tieth birthday, I would commemorate it by preaching a sermon on how life might appear to me then. On the 21st of October, 1877, this "favor" is granted me. The providential "visitation" of God "hath preserved my spirit" until this day, and I now propose to fulfill my long cherished purpose, I humbly trust, for his glory and your good.

That eminent minister and author, Rev. Dr. Albert Barnes, after he had been Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia for twenty-eight years, preached and published a sermon entitled, "Life at Three Score," in which he says:

A man who has reached the sixtieth year of his life *ought* to be able to give some views of living which will be worth the attention of those who are starting on the way; he *ought* to be able to offer some counsel which it would be wise and safe for those who are young to follow; he *ought* to be able so to speak of the temptations of the world, as to show how they may be avoided or overcome; he *ought* to be able to say something which will encourage the next generation in the duties of life; he *ought* to be able to utter something bright and hopeful in regard to the prospects which are to open upon the world which he is soon to leave—bright and hopeful in regard to the world to which he is soon to go.

Preliminarily, I wish to remark that life in general appears to me now to be a broader, higher, deeper, richer blessing than I dreamed of in younger years; that it is a greater good than it was sixty years ago, for during that time the range of knowledge has been largely extended; that means and opportunities of development and usefulness have largely multiplied; and that therefore there

are not only greater possibilities, but more solemn responsibilities connected with living now than ever before. Truthfully we may sing :

“ We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time ;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.”

In the earnest hope that I may help, especially my dear young people, to live rightly, I now proceed to tell you, *How life looks to me at sixty.*

I. I commence with *physical life*, and under this general head make two specifications :

1. This lowest *form of life* is developed in the material world around and above us. It is to me a matter of sincere regret that I lived so many years, enjoying, to be sure, the world of nature ; but not rightly viewing, and, therefore, not properly appreciating it. I admired its manifold beauty of color and form, in foliage, flowers, trees, meadows, mountains, and skies ; the steady uniformity of its laws, bringing, with unfailing regularity, blossoming springs, fruiting summers, harvesting autumns, and restful, strengthening winters ; but failed, amid these creations, to recognize their relations to the living Creator ; failed, amid the operations of these beneficent laws, to see the workings of the infinite Law-giver's will ; failed, while admiring beautiful pictures of earth, water, and sky, to even think seriously of the Divine Artist who drew them all.

Now, every thing in this material world pulsates with an interest unknown in my younger years. Now—not

ignorantly, not superstitiously, but scientifically and philosophically, as well as theologically—all nature is to me the outwrought, materialized thought of God; only effects of which he is the primary Cause; only physical revelations of his own benevolence, wisdom, power, and goodness. Therefore, instead of being lessened in interest by the familiarity of sixty years, nature is more interesting, significant, beautiful; because to my intelligent consciousness it is full of God. Verily, “The earth is full of his riches.” “The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.” Verily, “of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory forever.” And joyfully my heart sings:

“All I feel, or hear, or see,
God of Love, is full of thee.”

And I desire to impress on you all that, admire as you may beautiful objects and scenes, get all possible scientific knowledge, still you will never see this natural world in its true light, never comprehend its inner meanings, never perceive its grandest glories, never learn its profoundest lessons, never detect its richest correspondences—until in every design you see a designing God, in every law, the wisdom of a law-giving God; in every effect, the working of a causal God; in the steady upholding of all things, the power of an upholding God; in all the wealth of product, the richness of a benevolent God; and in all beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, the beauty, grandeur, and magnificence of a Father-God; who “hath not left himself without witness, in that he does good,

gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness;" and "giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

2. The other department of physical life to which I wish to refer, is that of *the human body*. It is another matter of regret to me that, in my younger years, physiology, which is now taught in our schools, was not taught outside of colleges, and not much inside; and that therefore I grew up knowing almost nothing about the structure, functions, and laws of my own body. To-day it seems to me that no branch of secular education is of more importance than this. Oh! how much of the enjoyment, efficiency, and usefulness of all other forms of life is dependent upon the conditions of the body! I am sure that a vast amount of what we all deplore—ill-temper, unhappy dispositions, weaknesses, inefficiencies, failures, and misery in general—are directly traceable to bodily conditions, induced by violations of God's physiological laws; and that from the same cause uncounted thousands die before their time. Doubtless all admit the truth of this theoretically; but I suppose it impossible for any, except persons advanced in years, to fully realize how true it is. We have seen in others so much of the disastrous effect of abuses of the body by alcoholic drinking, by over-eating or under-eating, by over-working or under-working, by different kinds of excesses—in fact, we have seen so many in this way undermine their physical constitutions, ruin their health, literally kill themselves, actually commit slow suicide; and we have in our own persons experienced so much suffering from our vio-

lations of bodily laws, and so much benefit from their observance, that we feel—as the younger cannot—the importance of conforming to them, and thus securing and promoting health ; and the criminal guiltiness of eating or drinking, doing or enjoying anything which violates them, and thereby harms the body by weakening its powers, and sapping the springs of its vitalities.

My own health is better than that of most ministers at sixty. Indeed, I have been personally acquainted with two hundred and forty-four ministers who have died during my ministry ; and yet I am sure, that had I taken more care of my body, understood and obeyed its laws better, realized more fully that God meant it should be a “temple of the Holy Ghost,” and therefore kept pure and holy, I should have been healthier, more vigorous, stronger, at three score, than I am. Because of this observation and experience, I entreat, beseech, my dear young people, to take constant, watchful care of your bodies. Learn their laws ; obey them when you learn them, at any cost. Deny yourselves any gratification which will harm them, and by God’s blessing, that greatest of all earthly good, vigorous health, shall be yours. And what is all else of acquirement, possession, or position, without health ? To young men I solemnly, earnestly say, that *you cannot afford dissipation*. It will cost too much—too much. It will not only cost money, time, reputation now, but you will have to pay for it during all the coming years in weakened energies, dyspepsias, neuralgias, rheumatisms, and other diseases, which will make you curse the guilty follies of your youth, and make life

in old age a burden. What we sow in younger we reap in maturer years, and no imagination can adequately depict the harvest which you will reap, through the operation of God's inexorable laws, if you now sow gluttony, licentiousness, gambling, or any other form of vice. Be wise, therefore, O ye who are to live when I am gone! Heed my paternal, loving counsel. Be pure; be good; shun corrupt society; and ye shall be strong, vigorous, robust, manly, happy. And when youth shall have gone, when you shall have passed the maturity of manhood and entered upon old age, you shall reap a fullness of blessed reward, the value of which you shall find to be more precious than silver or gold, "yea, than much fine gold."

I cannot leave this branch of my subject, however, without calling your more special attention to the fearful results which I have seen produced upon all forms of life, by the use of alcoholic drinks.

Oh, the dismal train of horrors I have witnessed, resulting from intemperance—broken-down physical constitutions, impoverished fortunes, blasted reputations, crimes, imprisonments, untimely deaths! And as I think over the ghastly catalogue of ills which follow the rum traffic, I exclaim, How can men engage in it, when they know the inevitable results; men who have human sympathies, and must soon stand before the flashing terrors of the Judgment! For myself, with what I know of the crime, misery, and death produced by it, before I could sell alcoholic drinks—especially to young men, dear young men, around whom are entwined the fondest hopes of parents and of society—before I could do

this, *simply to make money*, every humane instinct, every tender affection, every noble sentiment, must die within me. I must surrender my immortal hopes; and from being a man with an eye to weep with human sorrow, an open hand to help all human need, I must become a *petrified, selfish, inhuman, godless, money-getting thing!* "Touch not, taste not, handle not" alcoholic drink of any kind. O beloved youth! beneath the sparkling crest of the wine-cup lies coiled a snake, which will sting you unto death. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink!" "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine." "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

II. I proceed to speak of *social life*.

This phrase includes all that is comprehended in the life of association with our fellow-beings, in the relations of family and of society. God never meant that man should be alone, and therefore he endowed us with a social nature, consisting of instincts, sympathies, and affections, which go out toward others, and constitute the basis of marriage, originate all the blessedness of homes, all the pleasures of friendly companionship.

God gave me a warm social nature. My home has always been to me the dearest place on earth, but at sixty it is dearer to me than ever; and I sing to-day with a

fuller appreciation, a tenderer pathos, "Home, Sweet Home," where all is peace and sunshine, how much soever trouble and darkness may prevail elsewhere,—where a love, stronger than the passion of youth, grows richer and deeper with increasing years, between husband and wife, parents and children, and which sanctifies and glorifies the house in which we have lived more than thirty years, and makes our home "antedate a glad eternity, and become a heaven in epitome."

I have always been strongly attached to friends. Ah, how many have fallen by my side!

"Friends my soul with joy remembers,
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the glowing embers
On the hearthstone of my heart!"

It is a matter of profound gratitude to me that sixty years have not chilled my social nature, and that friends are more precious than ever. I know that a "tried friend is a golden treasure," and that the Bible speaks truly when it says: "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

And from this long social experience I wish to impress on you the importance of home life. There can be no adequate substitute for it. Admire as we may the marvelous growth and grand proportions of such a city as San Francisco, the philanthropist cannot fail to regret the published facts that seventy thousand of its people live in mere "lodgings" and get their meals at three hundred and fifty restaurants; that thirty thousand others

live in ninety hotels and boarding-houses ; and that six thousand more drift from lunch-table to lunch-table, and sleep anywhere. These one hundred and five thousand people have no homes ; and the effect of this homelessness of so large a proportion of its population upon the moral and spiritual interests of that splendid city must be tremendously disastrous. God "setteth the solitary in families" ; and all history shows that with the family institution, the best interests of society, the church and the world are identified.

Prize then, I beseech you, your homes. Cultivate home life. Make your homes cheerful, attractive, to children and friends.

I wish, also, to emphasize the value of true friends, and urge upon all young persons the importance of genuine friendships among the intelligent and the good. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, said : "Tell me who a young man's friends are, and I will tell you what he is." But to have desirable friends, you must show yourselves friendly and worthy of them ; and if you are, you will have them, good and true, who will not only contribute largely to your happiness, but will solace you in sorrow, aid you in difficulty, help you to bear life's heavy burdens ; and you also will exclaim, as I do now—

"Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved of me
Far, far beyond what I can e'er repay."

III. I wish now to speak of what is distinctively called *business life*.

I do not forget what many of you remember the moment I speak of business. You think that I am and have been simply a minister, and that ministers not only know nothing of business itself, but fail to appreciate its pressing claims, anxious solitudes, absorbing cares, and incessant demands. Doubtless there is truth in that popular impression; and how much of error there is in it, I do not care to show on this occasion. But all must admit that, from our positions in society, our acquaintance with and relations to business men, our constant observation of the effect which prevalent methods of attending to business have upon men themselves; upon their manhood, their characters, their happiness, their usefulness; upon their preparation for moral and religious duties; upon their preparation for old age, for death, judgment, and eternity,—I say, that from our positions and opportunities, ministers ought to be able to form judgments which are at least worthy of candid and serious attention. I have time only to specify two points of judgment in this connection.

1. Those *elements of character* which in young men are essential to business success, appear to me now even more important than they did in former years.

What do I refer to? I refer to honesty, which will beg, if it must, but will not steal; to industry, which will not shirk, but welcome, work; to perseverance, which can patiently wait for desired results; to economy, which will not have, or eat, or wear, what it cannot afford; to total abstinence from alcoholic drinks; to avoidance of every form of gambling or corrupting associations; to

manly self-denial of any pleasure which interferes with duty. Boys, young men, sixty years have impressed on my mind, as it is not possible that you should feel, the vital importance of those elements as the prerequisite of a true life, and as the best capital with which a young man can commence business. With these he may be sure of a good degree of success. Without these, success, even if attained, shall be a curse, and not a blessing. For no gains can counterbalance loss of manhood. No outside possession can counterbalance the wretched poverty of an ignorant, vice-shriveled, covetous, selfish, sordid soul, which no one loves, and for which no one cares, and over whose coffin no one sheds a tear.

2. These years of observation have impressed me that most business men *make a sad mistake*.

What do I *now* refer to? This. So many are contented to be merely business men—to feel and act as if to make money, to amass property, extend business, was the one great aim and object in human life. This seems to be the culmination of their ambition, and therefore they project all the energies of their natures on that one single line. And they will tell you that they have no time for anything else; no time for the cultivation of their minds and the acquisition of other knowledge; no time for healthy physical recreations; no time for social enjoyment with their families; no time to help in labors to save their fellow-beings from intemperance, and other forms of vice; no time to attend caucuses and secure the nomination of good men for office; no time to personally aid Sunday-school, or any other kind of work

for the welfare of humanity and the glory of God. Friends, I am sure that *this is a tremendous mistake*. I am sure that this cannot fill up God's ideal of a man. I am sure that such exclusive attention to business is harmful to the body, shortening to life, narrowing to mind and heart, nourishing to selfishness—a sin against nature, against your fellow-beings, and against God. Understand me. Long years of observation have taught me the vital necessity of diligence in business. That is one thing: that is right: that is imperious duty. I only bear my testimony, based upon disastrous effects I have witnessed, against exclusive, supreme devotion to it, to the neglect of duties you owe your bodies, your souls, your families, the community in which you live, your country, and your God.

It is to me one of the most lamentable facts of to-day, that when men, good, upright, and true, men in whom the young and the old place confidence—when such men reach positions of influence in the business world, because of which they could do most good, be most influential, that then they withdraw from all direct labor for man and God—leave all that to others less experienced and less influential, and so exclusively devote their whole time and energies to merely secular affairs.

O men, my brothers! I am sure that when you reach my age, when you stand on the elevation of sixty years, when you feel your hold on all earthly things gradually relaxing, and near-coming inevitable events cast their shadows upon you; when you shall have fully realized the inability of worldly good to satisfy the spiritual crav-

ings of your own souls; when you shall have come to know, as you do not now, the value of sympathy, respect, love of your fellow-men, which money cannot buy; and the need—the *need*—you shall then feel of a consciousness of having done some good in the world you are soon to leave; the approval of your own consciences, and the favor of God, at whose judgment bar you are shortly to appear to give account of your stewardship of talent, of influence, and of property—oh, then I know that business life will look to you, as it does to me, not an end, but a means; a duty, but not an exclusive duty. Then you will say, if never before, that the Bible is right when it enjoins diligence in business, but also fervency of love toward God and man; and not only in secular business, but full service in all other departments of useful life.

IV. Finally, I wish to tell you how *a religious life* appears to me at sixty.

Well do I remember that in my youth a religious life appeared just as it does to young people now, to be sad, gloomy, and undesirable. Circumstances, I think, confirmed me in this view. Our minister, I am sure, was a good man; but he was so continually, severely solemn, that I was afraid of him, and used to hide away when he came to our house, with his dignified ministerial tread, dressed in perpetual black. Like multitudes now in later years, I thought that religion consisted in believing certain religious doctrines, which had been formulated by men, and in performing certain religious services which had been appointed by the church, both of which were repulsive to me.

But in my seventeenth year I had an experience in my inner nature which changed all my views of religion, and the direction of all the currents of my life. Your kindness will allow me to briefly outline that experience. I was left an orphan at the age of twelve, and placed by my mother in a dry goods store in Paterson, New Jersey. I boarded with my employer, and lodged in the store. Up to that time I had been a gay, joyous, light-hearted, happy youth; but during that year I became the subject of new thinking concerning my relations to God. I came to a realization that I had been living just as if there were no God, and utterly regardless of all duty I owed him; and that therefore I was a sinner, guilty of innumerable sins of commission and omission. This consciousness lay like a burden on my soul, and for weeks I obtained no relief. At length, one dark Sunday night—oh, how well I remember it!—with a lantern in my hand, I left my employer's house at about ten o'clock, to go to the store for the night. The dark street was perfectly quiet, but my mind was darker than it, and full of anxious trouble. When I was about half way I stopped on the sidewalk, and stood still amid the quiet gloom, because there came a revelation to my soul—vivid as a vision to physical sight—of the Cross on Calvary, of the Lord Jesus dying on it for my sins, and thus saving me from their guilt and penalty; and before that revelation of the infinite love of God for a sinful orphan boy, my whole nature was subdued, melted, bowed in adoring, grateful love. My burden of conscious guilt rolled off. My whole soul felt the thrill of a new spiritual life of

devotion to God, and service to my fellow-beings. The night and darkness around me seemed radiant with the Divine Presence, and I longed for the morning, that I might tell my friends what God had done for me, and how sweet and easy it was to become a Christian.

That was forty-three years ago last April. Then and there, away from all external excitements, I began a religious life; and I desire to tell you how such a life appears to me now, after these forty-three years of experience.

1. My conviction of *the divinity of Christianity* has grown with my growth, and increased with increasing years.

I have either read or heard all the leading objections and arguments of unbelievers against the Bible and Christianity. Some of these, I am free to confess, alarmed me in my younger years. But maturer knowledge and observation have shown me that the most of these are arrayed against old traditional interpretations of the Bible, rather than against the Scriptures themselves as interpreted by modern exegesis; against the spirit, practices, and doctrines of churchianity, rather than against those of the spiritual Christianity of the New Testament; and that they arise, most of all, out of the hostility of a depraved human nature to a holy God, and his pride-humbling method of salvation. And such is my certainty now of its truth, that it is my deliberate belief that no man can thoroughly know what spiritual Christianity is, and disbelieve its divinity; that no man can comprehend its fullness of God's love for his prodi-

gal human children—its divine-human Christ, offering himself to be the Saviour, Friend, Brother of guiltiest sinners; its illuminating, regenerating, comforting Spirit, brooding over all souls to save them; its knowledge for human ignorance; its strength for our weakness; its comfort for our sorrows; its hopes for our despair; its clothing for our nakedness; its satisfaction for soul-hunger and thirst; its power to purify, elevate, beautify, broaden out human character, and educe gains out of losses, triumphs out of defeats, exaltations out of humiliations, life out of death, and insure a heaven in the eternal hereafter—I say I am thoroughly satisfied that no mind can rightly know these, and deny its essential divinity.

But, friends, I know that such knowledge is not a matter of mere intellectual information, not something to be argued into a soul, not an acquisition of the logical faculty, but the result of an experience in the heart—an experience which to the whole soul is mightier than reasoning, deeper than philosophy, stronger than logic, more convincing than libraries of books or years of argumentation. He who has that will cry:

“Should all the forms that men devise
Attack my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.”

I am naturally fond of argumentation, but care less for it now than ever. I am content to say to men: “The Divine Christ of Christianity declares that “If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.” Test the truth of his words. Do what Christianity requires, and

see if it will not do in you, and for you, what it promises." And if they will not comply with this designated condition of knowledge, then I affirm that they are unreasonable, unphilosophical, unscientific, in their rejection of Christianity.

2. I am more and more impressed with *the compatibility of a religious life with all other forms of life.*

How wrongly I used to think about this! I thought that to be religious, I must simply devote so much time every day to religious duties, and then attend to other and opposite duties; in a word, I thought as multitudes do, that religion was one thing, and recreation and business another, distinct and antagonistic. I have learned long since that this is a wretched, hurtful delusion, a separation of what God meant should be an unified life; that Christianity in a human soul is not a mere belief or hope, but a divine living principle of love to God and man, which should impregnate and vitalize with new beauty and power personal, social, home, business, and political life; that it is something to be lived, a spirit to be breathed in our recreations as truly as in our prayer-meetings; in our homes and stores as truly as in our churches; on all the days of the week as truly as on Sundays; that it is an every-day, everywhere spirit of purity, honesty, sympathy, helpfulness, generosity; of love which sings in the soul every morning, just what the angels sang when Christ was born: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

3. I am fully satisfied that *it is practically impossible to maintain a religious life outside of Christian churches.*

On this important point I have no time to enlarge, although my heart is full of it. I have seen so many professing to be Christians, who, for various reasons, refused to join any church; and so many, who have sundered their connections with churches because of imperfections they found within them, and who have tried the experiment of living religiously with no church relation. *During sixty years I have never known one who succeeded.* The fact is, friends, that the Lord knows us better than we know ourselves. He knows our need of connection with an organization which shall impose healthy responsibilities, develop talent, afford best opportunities for usefulness, as well as supply most precious privileges, sweetest enjoyments, richest associations, and most beneficent restraints. Whatever I am, I owe to my connection with the church to which I gave myself in my youth, and of which I say to-day, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Dearly beloved young disciples, whom these hands have "buried with Christ in baptism," I beseech you, be true to your covenant vows; never leave or forsake the church with which you are connected; and you shall find in it your richest development, best sphere of usefulness, sweetest enjoyments, and best preparation for the mortal and immortal future.

4. Lastly, I feel as never before, *the need of personal piety as a preparation for old age.*

All persons of all ages need it. But, as the sun of life, having passed the zenith, sinks slowly into the west; as the autumn time, with its tinges of decay, comes on; as the blood gets cooler and cooler; as increasing infirmities develop themselves; as external sources of pleasure begin to dry up; as life-shadows grow longer and deeper, and the inevitable hour gets nearer and nearer—oh, how inexpressibly precious the Father, the Saviour, the Comforter, the promises of Christianity, become—promises that the “almond tree shall flourish,” that “gray hairs shall be a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness”; that we may still “bear fruit in old age”; that there may be a perpetual youth of the heart; that “though the outward man perish, the inward man may be renewed day by day,” “while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal;” and that what we call dying is only birth into life immortal, “where everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers.”

Thus, friends, I have outlined to you as briefly as I could, how life—physical, social, business, and religious—looks to me at sixty.

Do you ask *how the future appears?* I answer, not radiant, but serene, calm, and hopeful. I leave all the past to the mercy of him “who delighteth in mercy;” heartily thank him for the multitudinous blessings of the present, and trust him, “the faithful God who keepeth covenant,” for all the future. “My times are in his hands.”

If it please him, "whose I am and whom I serve," I should like to live, while I live on earth, in this goodly city, from whose citizens of all classes, from whose churches and ministers of all denominations, I have never received anything but kindness; and with this dear, dear church, among whom I have lived more than half of my whole life;—live to be a better man, a holier Christian, an abler preacher, a more successful pastor; live to be the special friend of the widow, the orphan, and the children; live to be a more efficient helper of the helpless, and friend of the friendless; live to lead multitudes more to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"; to feed the flock of God, over which "the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer"; and to demonstrate more fully how a Baptist minister can be perfectly loyal to the distinctive principles of his own denomination, and yet heartily love and practically co-operate in Christian work and worship with all "who love our Lord Jesus Christ," and exhibit toward all men, of all beliefs, in his limited sphere, a charity as broad as the unlimited love of the All-Father God.

So in regard to the future—

"I hear Hope singing—singing sweetly,
Singing, in an undertone;
Singing, as if God had taught her,
'It is better, farther on.'

"Night and day she sings the song,
Sings it, while I sit alone;

Sings, so that my heart may hear it—
'It is better, farther on.'

"Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it, when my heart would groan;
Sings it, when the shadows darken—
'It is better, farther on.'

"*Farther on!* How much farther
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No, not counting—only trusting—
'*It is better, farther on.*'"

XXIII.

LONG PASTORATES.

"More than five years in one church, is not desirable, for an average American minister."—DR. BETHUNE.

Mr. Beecher, when asked, at Yale, why, in these days there were so many short pastorates, replied, "It is largely of the divine mercy."

In 1878, R. K. Bellamy, D. D., of blessed memory, finished thirty years as pastor of the Baptist Church at Chicopee Falls, Mass. His church honored themselves and him by a celebration worthy of both. Because Dr. Bowers, of Clinton, Mass., in the east, and I in the west, had both had pastorates of similar duration, we were invited to deliver the addresses.

A memorable social re-union occurred on the same

day. Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Baldwin, had been fellow-students in their girlhood, at Charlestown, Mass., and had become strongly attached to each other. But, they had not once met during the intervening forty-five years; and when on this occasion they did meet and compared notes, they found that each had married a Baptist minister, whose names began with the letter B; each of their husbands had been honored with a D. D., and the pastorate of each had reached thirty years! It was touchingly beautiful to see those three grand women, each of whom was the pride and joy of her husband, sitting together, and hear them lovingly talk over their school experiences.

The celebration was in the evening. The audience was immense. The first address was delivered by Dr. Bowers. It was superb, full of eloquence and wit, and admirably delivered. Anything like it, on his line, was to me a sheer impossibility. His general theme was the benefits to church and pastor connected with protracted pastorates. I was very glad that, presuming that such would be his subject, I had thought out another theme, which I expressed in this interrogative proposition: "All agree that long pastorates are creditable to pastors and churches;—are shorter ones necessarily discreditable to either?" I discussed that, and to my own satisfaction proved the negative. The

chief points were: *First*, I challenged the production of one man, who ever had an exceptionably long pastorate, on whose head the organ of "locality" was not largely developed. The mental characteristic, of which that phrenological development is the exponent, causes one to become attached to places, take affectionate root in localities; and if one has not that characteristic, he is not to be blamed for preferring change to permanency. *Second*, for a prolonged pastorate a peculiar moral organization is requisite. It must be easily adjustable to the inevitable; able to accommodate itself, without special grace, to all kinds of circumstances, patiently endure the disagreeable, prone to look on the bright side of everything, put the best possible construction on what seems most deplorable—and be willing to wait for desirable results. And if one has not such a natural moral organization, he will naturally be more or less "moveable." *Third*, the basal fact, however, is that providential circumstances, over which we have no control, chiefly determine the length of our pastorates. These points I argued and illustrated during forty minutes, and I believe that I could have gotten an unanimous vote, that shorter pastorates are not necessarily discreditable to either pastor or church. The truth is, that duration is only an incident in our official career. Dr. H. L. Way-

land, in his "National Baptist," has the following : " We offer, with diffidence, a single query, for the benefit of the living, and especially of those who are just setting out in life. If Dr. Wm. Hague, with his recognized abilities, his personal power, his brilliancy of speech, and his large culture, had concentrated himself, and had one pastorate, instead of eleven, would he not have left a profounder and more lasting impression ? "

The more important question, I submit, is : " Would he have done more good ? " I think not. The general economy of the kingdom makes shorter pastorates the rule, long ones the exception, and that is, because a majority of ministers can accomplish more by the former than by the latter. I yield to no one in my admiration of Dr. Hague, whom I have personally known and loved during forty-five years ; but, it is a simple fact, that with his almost peerless pulpit, platform, and pen ability, he had but little aptitude and less taste for those drudgeries which are the essentials of success in prolonged pastorates. He was what George Eliot calls—

"The sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion—even more intense."

Doubtless, a few pastors stay when they ought to go ; but if they go when they ought to stay—the result

is disastrous. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is man out of his place." When it is God's will, and the people desire that a pastor's whole official life should be spent among them, it is delightful. The strength and tenderness of ties thus formed and cemented by the experiences of many years—are simply *inexpressible*.

The favorite hymn—found in the books of all denominations throughout the world, beginning, "I would not live always"—was written by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, of New York. His official life was spent among one congregation. When he died, the people mournfully cried, "Everybody has lost a father."

"Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life—with love to God and man;
Strike when thou wilt, the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best."

WHITTIER.

PART THIRD.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

“Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”—JOHN 6: 12.

PART THIRD.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

I.

PASTORAL ANNIVERSARIES.

It was not my custom to preach anniversary sermons, descriptive of a year's work; but sometimes attention was directed to the beginning of a new pastoral year, by brief public reference, and sometimes by the printing and circulation of appropriate cards, like the following, which was found in the Bible of a devoted Christian woman, and read by Bishop Potter at her funeral:

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, or neglect it; for I shall not pass this way again.

II.

INVOCATIONS.

Experience has satisfied me, that the best form of invocation with which to open public worship is

"The Lord's Prayer," offered slowly, solemnly, tenderly, by the pastor and people in vocal unison. The use of the word "sins," instead of "debts," or "trespasses," is preferable; because that word includes the ideas involved in both the others and is better understood by the people. That sacred prayer, offered without prefix or suffix, is so complete in its scope, and so associated with memories of childhood and home, that it seems to me to unify a congregation, as nothing else can. Some one said: It embodies a catholic spirit in its "Our Father"; a reverential spirit in its "hallowed be thy name"; an obedient spirit in its "thy will be done"; a dependent spirit in its "give us this day our daily bread"; a penitent spirit and forgiving spirit in its "forgive us our sins as we forgive;" a cautious spirit in its "lead us not into temptation"; and an adoring spirit in its "thine is the kingdom, and the power and glory, forever and ever. Amen."

Another distinguished minister said, "I used to think 'The Lord's Prayer' short. But the longer I live and the more I see of life, the more I believe that there is no such thing as ever getting through it. If a man in praying it were to stop at every word, until he fully comprehended it, his life-time would be consumed before he got entirely through it."

III.

THE BENEDICTION.

It is sad to see how indifferently, sometimes, both pastor and people seem to regard the "benediction." It is often pronounced with apparent carelessness, as a mere routine duty. Its solemnity has grown upon me. It is the final lifting up of hands and heart to God for the blessing upon all souls present, some of whom may never be there again.. It ought not, therefore, to be regarded as a mere church ceremony; but the pastor ought to wait until there is perfect silence in the house, however long it may take—and then pronounce it reverently, slowly, and with spiritual unction.

IV.

ADMINISTERING BAPTISM.

Baptism is our distinctive ordinantial glory. We believe that it is part of our mission to preserve this ordinance, which symbolizes the fundamental historical, doctrinal, and experimental truths of Christianity, as it was instituted by the Lord Jesus Christ. But the awkwardness with which it is sometimes administered is painful to witness. I believe that theological students ought to be taught the equal duty of baptizing

rightly with that of preaching correctly ; and that pastors cannot be too careful in personally attending to all the details connected with the administration of this sacred rite. The fact is, that there is more argument for the truth, as to subject and mode, in one properly administered baptism, than in a dozen sermons. Its expressive symbolism is an absolute demonstration of its rightness ; and yet, in one improper administration, not only is the effect lost, but a positive prejudice is excited against it. When administered as it ought to be, then, as G. D. Boardman, D. D., said, " We preach baptism, not as a Greek etymon, but a moral emblem ; not as a mode, but a meaning ; not as a shibboleth, but as a symbol ; not as a mere prerequisite, but as a testimony."

V.

"CLOSE COMMUNION."

These two magnanimous testimonies are significant of the progress which is being made in an understanding of our views, and in the development of genuine Christian union, among all denominations.

The first was published by Rev. H. W. Beecher, in the "Christian Union" ; the second, by Rev. Dr. Hibbard, one of the most eminent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church :

"We have never supposed that our Baptist brethren were more bigoted than their Congregational brethren. Even in matters about which we quite differ from them, we have found them both intelligent and candid. As matters now stand, all evangelical churches are "close communion" churches in this sense, that they all take it for granted that the Lord's Supper is an ordinance of the church, to be administered according to the discretion of the church, excluding all whom the church deems unfit, and permitting to communion those whom it judges to have a right to commune. The opposite view would be, that every individual had a right to the communion of the Lord's Supper by virtue of his personal relations to the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no man or body of men has a right to judge for him. . . . This is an "open communion" ground. But the Baptist, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Methodist Churches, are all, in principle, alike, and hold to "close communion," only using different tests in determining the fitness of candidates."

"It is but just to remark, that in one principle, the Baptist and Pedobaptist churches agree. They both agree in rejecting from communion at the Table of the Lord and in denying the rights of church fellowship of all who have not been baptized. Valid baptism they consider as essential to constitute visible church membership. The only question, then, that here divides us is, What is essential to valid baptism? The Baptists . . . have only acted upon a principle held in common with all other churches, viz., that baptism is essential to church

membership. . . . Of course they must be their own judges as to what baptism is. It is evident that, according to our views we can admit them to our communion, but, with their views of baptism, it is equally evident they can never reciprocate the courtesy. And the charge of "close communion" is no more applicable to the Baptists than to us, inasmuch as the question of church membership is determined by as liberal principles as it is with any other Protestant churches, so far, I mean, as the present subject is concerned; that is, it is determined by valid baptism."

VI.

AN ATMOSPHERE.

The membership of our churches are being held together, less and less by similarity of doctrinal belief and discipline, and more and more by social atmospheres. All know how dependent the vitalities and growths in the world of inanimate nature are upon atmospheric conditions. It is an ascertained fact, that plants derive from the ground but a small portion of the elements by which they grow. It gives them stable mechanical support, but their chief nourishment comes from the air they breathe. A gentleman found that a plant, which he placed in two hundred pounds of earth, had in five years increased in weight one hundred and sixty pounds, and the earth in which it

had been located had only lost two ounces of its weight. This holds true of "the garden of the Lord." If I were again to begin a pastorate, it would be a chief aim to secure and retain atmospheric spirituality; for it will sanctify socialities, develop graces, make duties easy, and church relationships the most blessed, next to the ties of nature, of all the associations on earth.

VII.

THE COVENANT MEETING.

With our denomination the "covenant meeting" is a distinctive institution. Its monthly remembrance and renewal of church vows are helpful. It was our custom to emphasize it as the monthly gathering of our spiritual family, at which every member ought to be present, unless detained by a special providence. The result was, that the attendance was far larger, and the tender, spiritual interest far greater than that of any other service. It was also another custom with us—which I take the liberty of advising all young pastors to adopt—for the deacons to sit with the pastor on the platform at every covenant meeting, and in turn read the church covenant, which we had met to renew. That honors the office of deacon; and gave

uniqueness and dignity to the occasion. I never felt so strong and courageous, as when I had on either side of me, in the presence of all the people, my faithful brethren of the diaconate, who had secured "to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

VIII.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

In some of our churches this is entirely neglected; in others it is attended to in a cold and official way. It must be remembered that the object of a church is to save souls inside of it, as well as those outside. To that end our "covenant" obligations ought to be continuously and earnestly emphasized; and members taught that they have no moral right to vote either to "drop" or "exclude" any one—where no immorality is charged—until they have done what they could to reclaim the backslider; and that if they do, they present *the spectacle of covenant-breakers voting to "drop" or "exclude" a covenant-breaker.*

And in cases of public sin, I hold that, if there is obtained satisfactory confession and promise of amendment, a church ought to be willing to bear whatever of odium may be connected with the retention of the

party—just as long as there is reasonable hope of saving that soul. “Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” “Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.”

IX.

SANCTIFYING SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

This method of securing money for church purposes, is now quite generally adopted. It commends itself to all thoughtful Christians. But, I am impressed that, as it exists in most of our churches, it needs sanctification. Only a minority of members practically adopt it ; and with a majority of those who do, it is to be feared that they are influenced more by prudential considerations, than by religious principle. It is regarded as a Christian duty, as really as praise and prayer, only by a few. With how many is it a part of sanctuary worship ? And yet, most assuredly it ought to be exactly that. It is a specific command of our God. To his ancient people he said : “ Keep the feast of the Lord, with a tribute of free-will offering in

your hands." (Deut. 16 : 10.) "None of you shall appear before me empty." (Exod. 34 : 20.) "Bring an offering and come into his courts." (Ps. 96 : 8.) "Upon the first day of the week *let every one of you* lay by him in store, as *God has prospered him.*"

But, our people will never, as a general thing, thus regard and practice it, unless the pastors keep this view of it before them. I have known it to utterly fail because the pastor lost his interest in it. My brethren will allow me to urge upon them the sanctification of this system, by securing full reports at every monthly covenant meeting; and not only urging it themselves as a religious duty and as a part of sanctuary worship, but by having special prayer offered with reference to it, and by having leading brethren, in turn, advocate it heartily, and the poorest member encouraged to participate in it. By such sanctification the principle of regular, stated benevolence will crystallize into a habit; the pecuniary needs of our churches be supplied; and at the same time, larger contributions secured for Denominational Societies. Dr. Gordon has demonstrated these two propositions: *First.* That faithful and proportionate giving is rewarded with abundant spiritual blessings. *Second.* That faithful and proportionate giving is rewarded with abundant temporal prosperity.

X.

RELIEF FOR SILENT CHRISTIANS.

There are in all of our churches, members of the highest respectability in society, who never vocally take part in our social meetings. They say that they feel no sense of duty to undertake the service, and cannot do so comfortably to themselves, or, as they think, profitably to others. And because so much stress is laid, in our times, on public speaking and praying, such silent worshipers are often embarrassed, their enjoyment of services marred, and their growth retarded. My judgment is, that such ought to be relieved. I permanently relieved one by this illustration. I said :

“Brother, you know that the church is compared to a human body. Of course, a body must have a mouth ; but it would be hideous and valueless if it were all mouth. It as really needs other organs, not only to make it a body, but to make it efficient. It needs limbs and feet, on which to stand ; arms and hands, with which to work ; but above all, it needs a firm spinal column to support all else. Beloved, the church needs what corresponds with all these ; and the purity of your character, your integrity as a business man, the wisdom of your judgment and geniality of

your disposition, the punctuality of your attendance, and your generous liberality, demonstrate that you belong to *the spinal column of the Church of Christ*, which supports all its power of voice, of endurance, and of successful activity. Only be sure to yield to the impulsions of the Spirit when you feel them; don't be worried by anything that may be said in regard to your duty, when you do not feel them; and be steadfast, peaceful, and cheerful in doing what your own conscience recognizes as duty. The oft-quoted passage about speaking often one to another, does not refer to speaking in meeting at all; and it says that 'a book of remembrance was written before him for them *that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name*; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day that I make up my jewels.'"

XI.

CHIEF SOURCES OF PASTORAL TROUBLES.

Both experience and long-continued observation of all denominations, satisfy me, that, as a general fact, the original sources of ministerial troubles can be traced back to ministers themselves. They will be found to have arisen from our not doing in the right way, and at the right time, what we ought to have

done, or in doing what ought never to have been done; from our not saying, frankly and kindly, what we ought to have said, at the right time, or from our saying what we ought never to have said. This is humiliating, but true. Hence, of all men, pastors most need practical wisdom. The only remedy for troubles thus caused, is genuine, thorough confession. I heard a minister, who had been pastor of one church thirty years, say :

“ I have often taken weapons out of the hands of the devil, by opportune confessions.”

Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate :

“ I have lost a great battle, and it was all my own fault.”

Goldsmith said of this :

“ His confession showed more greatness than his victories.”

XII.

UNPARDONABLE PULPIT SINS.

A merchant, of high repute as a man and citizen, but a recognized unbeliever in Christianity, rented, to the surprise of many, a pew in our church. In reply to queries, he in substance said :

“ The man who preaches there is my neighbor ; and

I like him. I know when I must get into church, and precisely when I can get out; for he is punctual as a clock. Of course, I don't believe much that he preaches, but I am sure that he conscientiously does; and if his sermons are not, sometimes, very interesting, they are never stupid or lengthy."

If there are any unpardonable pulpit sins, I am sure that stupidity and inordinate length are prominent among them.

XIII.

SPECIALTY FOR A PRAYER MEETING.

Every pastor feels the importance and the difficulty of securing that variety in the regular prayer meetings, which is essential to their success. The following specialty was with us as, an occasional thing, very helpful. When a brother minister, be he whom he might, preached in our pulpit a sermon, whose subject and treatment were exceptionally fresh and instructive, the pastor announced at its close that it would be the theme of the next prayer-meeting; that he would then reproduce its analysis and leading thoughts, and ask the brethren to talk about it, pray in reference to it, and so harrow in the good seed. That honored the preacher, fastened the truths he had preached in

the memory of his hearers, gave them something new to talk about, and gave unique freshness and profitable interest to that service. Moreover, it sometimes surprised the people to see how much there was in that sermon, and get an idea of how much thought and prayer such a sermon cost. And I am sure, that it tended to make them more appreciative hearers, as well as gave novelty to an ordinary occasion.

XIV.

SECURING A SETTLEMENT.

If I were in need of a field of labor, and desired to settle as pastor, and were not in the receipt of any "call," instead of waiting and using ordinary means to secure one, I would act on this wise. Getting a list of destitute churches, I would select one; and, if there were no candidates before it, I would not write myself, or ask others to write for me, but go directly to the place, assemble the deacons, and make this proposition:

"Brethren, you are in need of a pastor. I am in need of a church. Whether I am God's man for you, or you are God's church for me, neither party knows. I propose, therefore, if you are willing, to remain and act as pastor for any length of time you will specify.

At its expiration we can arrive at an intelligent conclusion, it being clearly understood that neither party comes under obligations by this arrangement. If, at that time, you conclude that I am not God's man for you; or, I conclude that you are not God's church for me, we will separate in peace, invoking benedictions upon each other."

If such was the result in one place, I could go to another; and so keep at work on the line of duty, and earn an honest support.

XV.

WHEN OUGHT A PASTOR TO RESIGN?

That question was asked me by a pastor. The answer helped him, and may help others. In substance it was as follows: I told him that years ago, "I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of it," I could, but would not tell; to whom God gave a wife, who was one of the holiest and wisest of women, whose judgment in all church matters was well nigh infallible. She had a settled answer to this question. It was this:

"A 'call' to a pastorate comes from within a church, and ought not to be resigned, except on account of reasons found to exist where the 'call' came from.

These reasons may be inadequate support, alienation of leading brethren, desire on the part of a respectable minority for a change in the pastorate, or similar causes; and if such do not exist within the church itself, a pastor has no moral right to be potentially influenced by outside considerations, however flattering."

I believe that judgment is correct, at least in ordinary cases. "Distant pastures are always green." But human nature is the same everywhere. All pastors have similar experiences of sorrows and joys, failures and successes. The conditions of spiritual success are identical in all localities. Therefore, I advised my brother to keep assiduously at work in the field God had given him, not to get restless, by no means "to fish" for a "call," but patiently pray, work and wait, until there shall be reasons within his church for resigning; and that, as sure as he lived, when such a time came, God would open another and an "effectual door" for him.

XVI.

A CHANGE PROPOSED.

The conviction has grown upon me that, at our *ordination services*, the universal custom of having a

sermon ought to be changed. Our people have two sermons weekly. An ordination is a specialty to the candidate and to the church ; and the special appointments ought to have more time given them, and there ought to be more thorough preparation made for them. Now, they are all contracted to give space for a sermon. Therefore, by omitting it, and giving ample time for singing, reading the Scriptures, prayers, the charges to the candidate and to the church, and giving the hand of fellowship, would preserve the uniqueness of the occasion, and enhance both its interest and profit.

XVII.

"THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT."

It is my conviction that Baptists are inconsistent, whenever they offer prayer for the "baptism of the Spirit." Such a petition is not authorized by the New Testament. A careful study of both the "Gospels" and "Acts" discovers such baptism to have been limited to the apostles, and experienced by them at Pentecost, accompanying the endowment of power to work miracles ; and is never spoken of again. In the Epistles, the perpetual work of the adorable Spirit is often spoken of, but never as a "baptism."

It is consistent for our Pedobaptist brethren to thus pray, because they hold that baptism symbolizes the work of the Spirit; but we do not. We hold that the symbolism of baptism relates exclusively to the two basal historic facts of Christianity, namely, that Christ died, was buried, and arose again; and the two fundamental facts of Christian experience, namely, the believer's death to sin, and resurrection to a new life. Whenever, therefore, I hear any of our brethren pray for "a baptism of the Spirit," I always feel that unwillingly they are sanctioning, as to baptism, a mode and meaning contrary to their faith.

XVIII.

A DAILY PRAYER.

This singularly appropriate prayer Dr. Arnold wrote for his own use, and offered it every day before entering his far-famed school at Rugby:

O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, and ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, before I enter it, I would commit eye, and ear, and thought to thee. Do thou bless them, and keep their work thine; that, as through thy natural laws my heart beats, and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may

hold on its course at those times when my mind cannot consciously turn to thee, to commit each particular thought to thy service. Hear my prayers, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

XIX.

PREACHING.

The following facts influenced me, and I hope may influence others. Daniel Webster said: "If clergymen of the present day would return to the simplicity of the gospel, and preach more to individuals, and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of decline in religion. Many take a text from Paul and preach from the newspapers. I want my pastor to come to me, in the spirit of the gospel, and remind me that I am mortal, that my probation is brief, and what preparation I make must be attended to speedily." President Wayland said: "I don't go to church to learn new truths, but that I may be influenced into a realization of what I know." Governor Briggs said: "My prime desire in a pastor is, first, that he shall deeply feel the gospel himself; second, that he shall make me feel it." The successful Rev. F. W. Robertson wrote: "It makes me glad to hear that what I preached was not simply admired, but felt."

A distinguished judge, being asked why he went to church, replied: "I go to be impressed." President Mark Hopkins, D.D., wrote: "A sermon is merely an instrument, and whether it is good or not, depends upon the end in view, and its fitness to that end. It is the great characteristic of pulpit eloquence, as distinguished from all others, that it has but a single supreme object, and that is to make men better. Whatever is not adapted to that end may be eloquence in the pulpit, but it is not pulpit eloquence. That only is a good sermon which is adapted to make hearers understand more clearly, feel more vividly, prize more highly, and believe and live more unreservedly, the truths of the gospel."

Dr. Mason wrote: "When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorders of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness that filleth the hungry soul. I want to have a light on the mystery of providence, to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus, 'who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.' Tell me of his interces-

sion for the transgressors, as their 'Advocate with the Father.' Tell me of his chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of his presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of his cross, and nurtured by his grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on his name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of life everlasting—and my bosom warms. This is gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner."

XX.

A POTENTIAL TRAIT.

After the death of one of our pastors, a member of the church he had faithfully served for many years, said:

"Our minister had one trait, which you don't often find anywhere. It was this. *He never seemed to remember an injury.* I was prejudiced against him when he came to us; and often spoke disparagingly of him, sometimes even bitterly. And I know that he was informed of it all. But he always treated me as if I was his best friend. It breaks my heart now to

think of it; and if ever I meet him in heaven, I will throw my arms around his neck, and beg him to forgive me."

XXI.

TWO KINDS OF FOOLS.

Many years ago, one of our pastors had acted so indiscreetly toward some of the female members of his church, that much scandal was caused, which kept the congregation excited, and marred the influence of both pastor and people. After other means had been unsuccessfully tried, a Council was called. Rev. David Eldridge was its Moderator. He was a man of great practical wisdom, as well as superior intellectual gifts and attainments. When the Council had retired, and prayer for divine guidance been offered, the Moderator said: "Brethren, before we enter upon a discussion of this case, I desire to make one remark. In this world there are two kinds of fools. One kind are devilish fools; the other, natural fools. My judgment clearly is, that this brother belongs to the latter class." The Council adopted this judgment, and advised the church to act accordingly. They did so; and the pastor speedily resigned.

XXII.

EVOLUTION.

The most satisfactory statement of this doctrine that I ever read, in so condensed a form, is from a sermon by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D. D. :

I do not reject evolution. I accept it, because it compels us to form a worthier conception of God. It does not allow us to think of him as standing apart from the world and seeing it go; touching it where it needs repair or where it calls for improvement. But we are forced to think of him as living and working within it—the energy that moves all things. Second, it supplies us with invincible evidence of his existence and government. If evolution be the process of creation, then what emerges in the result must have been contained in the cause. Since mind is in the fruit, it must have been in the root. The process which unfolds reason must have had reason as its infolded, yet efficient and sufficient, cause.

Dr. McCosh says, “‘Development’ cannot account for four things: For origin; for adaptation; for beneficent law; for life, mind, will, worship.”

Canon Farrar “turns the tables.” He said:

To most of the points raised by skeptics, Christendom frankly responds, “I do not know.” Now, let the tables be turned. “Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself? Where did motion come from? Where did life come from, save the finger-tip of Omnipot-

tence? Whence came the exquisite order and design of Nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the Divine Comedy of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman? Whence came consciousness? Who gave you free will? Whence came conscience?"

Dr. Farrar truly says:

He who denies the existence of God in the face of such questions as these, talks simply stupendous nonsense. To concede that we cannot comprehend infinity can never weaken the position of a Christian. Clearly apprehend it, and the belief in God's power and his providence logically follow.

XXIII.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

It is claimed that the churches are demanding more and more extemporaneousness in preaching. My judgment is, that what they most desire is, well-digested, appropriate, Scriptural sermons, delivered naturally; and that these being given, they are indifferent as to the presence or absence of manuscripts in the pulpit. The fact is, that much which is received as extemporaneous is merely recitative; and this sometimes leads to ludicrous errors.

An eminent preacher in Troy, who was charged with lukewarmness on the subject of temperance,

while delivering a memoriter sermon, having his thought directed to the next sentence, trusted his tongue to quote a familiar passage, and with great emphasis said, "Milk for babes, and *strong drink* for men." He lived and died without knowing what caused "the audible smile" of his congregation at that utterance. In former years, the pastor of our First Church of Albany and myself were invited to preach dedication sermons at the opening of a new church edifice in Columbia County. He was not only a superior sermonizer, but had rare capabilities of extemporization. On this occasion he took with him a written sermon, prepared with special care, but kept it in his pocket while preaching. I preached from a manuscript in view of all the people. The chief deacon of that church was bitterly opposed to written sermons. And I knew it. On our way to his house, after the services, all located on the one seat of his buggy, he good-naturedly rallied me on the irreligiousness of "using paper in the pulpit," the weakness of depending on written sermons, and the manifold advantages of freedom for the inflow of the Holy Spirit, and triumphantly said, that my brother, though my junior, had set me a good example that day. I smilingly endorsed it all; for, of course, I would not betray my associate. During the ride, however, it

rained, and as we huddled together, the large manuscript dropped out of his coat pocket, and fell upon the floor of the carriage, exposed to the rain. I was the first who saw it lying there; but with difficulty kept silent until, as we were getting out, I could restrain myself no longer, and cried:

“Deacon, deacon, come and get your extemporaneous sermon, for it is getting thoroughly sprinkled, which I know you don’t believe in!”

The good man was adequate to the occasion. As he saw the vexed confusion of the preacher, he said:

“Never mind, brother; it is far better to keep a written sermon in your pocket than preach from it in the pulpit.”

My conviction is, that amid the diversities of organizations and gifts, each minister should find out in what way he can best preach the gospel, and then adopt that. My own preference is for full notes, which, while keeping stress from the memory, leaves freedom for inspirations.

XXIV.

DAILY READINESS.

Connected with our church was a family consisting of a widow, one daughter, and two sons. The widow

was truly "a mother in Israel." Her home was an asylum for the needy. Her children were her glory, because to her they were all that children could be. One of her sons was a superior young man, but he was a cripple. The other was a splendid specimen of athletic physical, as well as moral manhood. Employed in a mill, near our city, the water-wheel, during a severe winter, became frozen fast, and he relieved it with an axe sooner than he expected. Its sudden revolution crushed one of his legs. As soon as I heard of it I took his mother to the house into which he had been carried, and as I opened the door, and she saw the sad sight, she could go no further. With wonderful self-control, in tender tones, he exclaimed :

"Mother, bear this as well as you can. Thank the Lord, that before I went to work this morning, I asked him to give me grace for whatever might happen to-day. I did not know that this was to happen ; but, blessed be his name, he gives me grace to endure it."

Despite the deprivation of a limb, he became not only a useful Christian, but a successful business man. In the grand old Glasgow Cathedral is a tomb, upon which is engraven this question, which every visitor must read : "Are you ready ?"

XXV.

A WORTHY WANT.

One of the most eminent of American ministers said these grand words, which I think worthy of record: "I am not anxious about my own salvation. I wish I was as sure about some other things as I am about that. The Lord cannot cast off a man who loves him; and if I do not, nobody does. I know that he loves me. Not that I am perfect. Not that I am not shaken here and there by infirmities; but he is my hope and my confidence. I am not, therefore, so anxious about my salvation as I am about another thing; and that is the bearing with me every day the inspiration which comes from that quality that results from the infusion of the divine mind into my own—a finer perception, a purer imagination, more of the element which determines moral truths; a mind that pulsates, irradiates, with the impress of the divine influence.

"What I want is to have my day like a crystal—unstreaked, clear, transparent, unclouded by base passions, free from envy, from jealousy, from hard and cruel pride, from every distemper, and to have full use of myself, of my reason, and my moral sentiments."

XXVI.

GUARDING A GOOD NAME.

Many years ago, Thomas Baldwin, D. D., was one of the most eminent ministers of our denomination in New England. He had a long and successful pastorate in Boston, where his name is still revered by elderly people. After his death his widow came to our city to inquire as to whether I was related to her husband. I proposed to her that without investigation we should assume that we were intimately connected, and that if anybody denied it, we should demand that they prove the contrary. The charming old lady was delighted with my proposition, accepted it, and went home happy. On one of her husband's preaching tours, he reached a thinly populated district in New Hampshire, late at night, way-worn and weary, and asked entertainment of the mistress of a house near the road. She peremptorily refused his request, assigning several reasons—such as the danger of entertaining wandering strangers and the absence of her husband; and advised him not to waste time, but hurry on. The doctor did not stir a step, but urged his claims on her hospitality. Finally, she asked who he was, and what occupation he followed. He informed her that his name was Baldwin, and that he was a Baptist preacher from Boston.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that you are the Rev. Dr. Baldwin?"

Modestly he replied that so he was called. Then with tender, womanly emotion, she cried :

"Dear sir, do come in. I shall feel myself and my house honored by your presence; for your name is known and revered throughout all this country."

The old man stood still. His heart was deeply moved. At length he said :

"Madam, is that true? Is my name known and honored in your country, where I thought I was unknown?" She assured him that such was the fact. Then with tearful solemnity he added :

"If that is so, *then I must guard that name with greater watchfulness than ever.*"

To no one in the world is "a good name" so essential as to a Christian minister. Verily, by him, especially, it is "rather to be chosen than great riches." He cannot guard it too assiduously; for as his "name" is, so will his influence be; so will be his power to do good to men, and glorify God.

XXVII.

A QUIETING TEXT.

Once, on the sea-shore, during a vacation, I became dangerously ill. There I was visited by many brother

ministers, one of whom said he never expected to see me again, "until we met beyond the stars." After I was brought home, our people did generously all that could be done. Not able to preach for several months, one of my brethren engaged a Hamilton student to fill the pulpit, and himself paid the expense. Another brother, to whom I was specially attached, did not come to see me, but with assurances of his love, sent me a passage of Scripture, which I had never noticed before. It soothed and comforted me then, and has done so many times since. I commend it to other sufferers, as my brother commended it to me: "Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." (Isa. 30 : 15.)

"Be quiet, Soul:

Why shouldst thou care and sadness borrow,

Why sit in nameless fear and sorrow,

Thy hiding day?

God will mark out thy path to-morrow,

In his best way.

"Be quiet, Soul:

There is no need of doubt and crying,

There is no need of anxious sighing,

God's love to know:

Dost thou not remember his dying,

Who loved thee so?"

XXVIII.

HOLINESS DEFINED.

During my student years, Pharcellus Church, D. D., was recognized as one of the ablest, most scholarly ministers in our State. The success of his pastorate in Rochester, the superiority of his special sermons, and the excellence of his published writings, gave him a wide-spread reputation. Some rich man offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the best essay on "Christian Union." Ablest men of the different denominations competed, but Dr. Church won it; and his book, entitled "Religious Dissensions—Their Cause and Cure," deserves a permanent place in sacred literature. I heard wise old ministers express regrets that such a brilliant mind had devoted more to philosophical than Biblical studies; but as a man and a preacher he impressed me more than any other I had heard up to that time. His unostentatious dignity in the pulpit, the obvious honesty and strength of his convictions, the intensity of his repressed earnestness, as well as the originality of his thinking, and freshness of his abundant illustrations, charmed me.

In a grand sermon on "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," I heard him give these illustrations, and this definition:

"The tongue, when in a perfectly healthy condition,

experiences exactly the sensations which substances of opposite qualities are adapted to provide. The ear—precisely the impressions which sounds, discordant or harmonious, are adapted to make; the eye—sees things, whether beautiful or ugly, just as they really are. On the perfect optic nerve a perfect image is formed. So, holiness is that condition of our spiritual natures in which they experience precisely those effects which truth and error, right and wrong are, in themselves, adapted to cause.”

I have often given this definition to brethren, and have not met with one who did not admire it. In honor of the man I loved, and the preacher I admired, and because of its intrinsic worth, I place it here, on permanent record.

XXIX.

FEAR OF A LAWYER.

There was an eminent lawyer who for years, during his residence in Troy, regularly attended our church services, once a day. He was a man of noble personal appearance, vigorous intellect, deep knowledge, wide experience in his profession, and had a far-spread reputation as an orator. He would sit in the seat nearest the pulpit, and for a long time I preached in fear of

him ; for I knew that if I was ungrammatical in language, sophistical in argument, mistaken as to fact, or merely professional in zeal, he would instantly detect it. It was my constant effort, therefore, to be natural, correct, and conscientious. One day, I told another eminent lawyer of this embarrassment, and he responded in substantially these words:

“My dear sir, you need not be afraid of brother B., or any one of our profession ; for the truth is—that whilst we do know a great deal on other subjects—we know mighty little about the Bible.”

From that moment my fear departed, in view of the fact that in my profession I could teach my distinguished hearer, just as really as in his he could teach me. It will aid young ministers to remember that unto them “are committed the oracles of God,” and that they are divinely appointed expositors of them to all men.

XXX.

HEARING BOTH SIDES.

Because of the personal friendship and attendance upon our church services, as well as my admiration of the forensic ability and eloquence of the lawyer referred to in the preceding note, I went to our court

to hear him whenever he had an important case. On one such occasion his opponent was a lawyer of equal though of different abilities from his own, and he made, what seemed to me—for I had not heard the testimony—a perfectly conclusive argument. So satisfied was I that such was the fact, that I left the court, because I could not bear to hear my friend struggle against the inevitable, which I was sure awaited him. Meeting him the next day, he said :

“ Why did you leave the court yesterday ? Your departure depressed me.”

“ Mr. B.,” I replied, “ you had no case. Both the law and the testimony were against you, and I felt that I could not endure your sophisticating for an hour or two, and I would not witness your failure.” With an expression of triumph and satisfaction on his face, he simply said :

“ *Sir, I won my suit.*”

Never since then have I allowed myself to form a decisive judgment of any person, any conduct, any subject, until I was sure that, to the best of my opportunities, I had become acquainted with both sides of the case.

XXXI.

A LITTLE THING.

President Lincoln said that, "in the most insignificant law-suit, he saw the elements of universal jurisprudence." It is wonderful what far-reaching results may flow from a small cause. A kindness may propitiate an enemy; a neglect alienate a friend. Seeds are little things. A minister said to me: "I depend for my influence upon my public efforts." "Don't you know, dear brother," I responded, "that the estimate people place upon your 'public efforts,' is largely determined by their feelings toward you? and that those feelings are largely determined by your personal treatment of them and theirs?"

In illustration of this, I record a fact. In Albany County there is a "family" of that excellent, if eccentric people, who are called Shakers. I had often heard that an eminent "elderess" often spoke kindly of our church and pastor. Lately, I learned why she did so. She says that some thirty-five years ago she was a child in our Sunday-school, and that, during the sickness of her mother, the pastor had done some little kindness for the family, which so impressed her young heart, that it has influenced her to thoughtful tenderness toward us, through thirty-five years! Our adorable Lord said, "Because thou

hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Rev. F. W. Robertson wrote: "The one who will be found in trial, capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones." Dr. John Hall declares that "kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm shakes of the hand are the secondary means of grace."

"The trifles of our daily lives—

The common things—scarce worth recall,

Whereof no visible trace survives—

These are the main-springs, after all."

XXXII.

THE GREATEST DUTY—MOST NEGLECTED.

The preaching during this pastorate was characteristically practical, by far too much so, according to my present judgment. I now see that the duties chiefly emphasized were externalities, rather than internalities. The chief of all duties is to love. That is the first and greatest commandment of the law, and the fundamental prerequisite of the gospel—without which all gifts, all attainments, all activities, "profit nothing." The best analysis of 1 Cor. 13, I ever saw, is that given by Prof. Drummond, author of

"Natural Law in the Spiritual World"—which is a book every young minister ought to study. He shows that in Christian love there are these nine essential virtues: that "patience is love suffering; kindness is love in action; humility is love vaunting not itself; generosity is love envying not; courtesy is love acting properly; unselfishness is love seeking not her own; good temper is love not easily provoked; guilelessness is love thinking no evil; sincerity is love rejoicing not in iniquity, but in the truth. He says "love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means"; and greater than "charity," because the whole is greater than the part. A greater than Drummond wrote, "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, for God is love." Emerson wrote, "As much love, so much knowledge." Neander, "Heart makes the theologian." Bacon, "In knowledge without love there is something of malignity"; "love is the epitome of duty," and we all know that "love makes our willing feet in swift obedience move."

Dr. Watson wrote that "to attempt to serve God without love, is like rowing against the tide. But love oils the wheels and makes duties sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service, because they love him. Love is never weary."

"All actions take their hue
From the complexion of the heart—
As landscapes their variety from light."

An eminent pastor said : " I find nothing so hard in my Christian life as to love. It is easy to be fairly good, faithful in attending to the outward duties of my profession, to criticise the shortcomings of my people; but to keep myself rooted and grounded in love, to do good and love those who don't like me, that is my great difficulty, and yet I know that only as I live the life of love in my soul, am I either happy or useful." This beautiful sentence is by Rev. F. W. Faber : "The colored sunset and the starry heavens, the splendid mountains and shining seas, the fragrant woods and perfumed flowers—none of these are half so beautiful as a soul who is serving Jesus—out of love—in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life."

"For, when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine, or thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine."

The following testimony was given by Professor Drummond to the young men of Northfield, gathered at one of Mr. Moody's great annual assemblies :

I have seen almost all the beautiful things that influence men ; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that God has planned for men, and now I can look back and see

standing out, above all the life that has gone far on forever, short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some pure motive, some small act. That is the thing that I get comfort from now, when I think of my past life. My brothers, in closing, may I remind you that in that time when the judgment day is come, and we behold One sitting upon a throne and dividing the sheep from the goats, that the test of a man is not "How have I believed"? but "How have I loved?" The final test of religion at the great assizes is not religiousness, but love. Not what I have done, not what I believe, not what I have achieved, but how I have loved; according to the number of cups of cold water we have given in Christ's name. Oh, may I join the choir invisible of the immortal dead, who live again in lives made better by the present.

XXXIII.

SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL.

What infinite capabilities are wrapt up in one idea! History records that "Rev. Daniel Hascall first suggested the idea" of "the New York Baptist Education Society," out of which came the "Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution," which has expanded into the grand proportions of "Madison University." With his earliest associate, however, Nathaniel Kendrick, D. D., all the trials and triumphs of this great enterprise are chiefly connected. He early became the

recognized leader; for, as in physical proportions, "from his shoulders and upwards he was higher" than his brethren, so, in intellectual capacities and executive abilities he was more exalted than they.

Alas! what inexpressibly sad results, also, are wrapped up in an apparently trivial event! While returning from Professor Eaton's house on the hill, the good doctor slipped and fell upon the ice-covered ground. No serious results were apprehended. But it laid him aside forever! During more than two years he was unable to stand, or sit, or even turn in his bed without assistance. His limbs became helpless, but keenly sensitive, and he often endured excruciating agonies. Such were his patience and fortitude, that he is not remembered to have uttered one murmuring word. On one occasion, a brother, sitting by his bedside, said:

"Dear Doctor, I wish I could bear some of your pains, that you might have some rest!"

No reply came from the sufferer's lips for a few moments. Then "a light such as never shone on sea or shore," illumed his pallid, but noble face, and he replied:

"Thank you, beloved, but it is the will of my Heavenly Father that I should bear them all; I cannot, therefore, spare you one of them!"

Has universal Christian biography, or even the Bible itself, a record of more complete submission to the will of God than that? Does it not demonstrate the omnipotency of faith, and the exceeding riches of the grace of God, in Christ Jesus, our adorable Lord?

XXXIV.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.—LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

“Nearer is heaven than ever we know,
As we look with a trembling dread,
At the misty future that stretches on—
From the silent homes of the dead.
For the eye of the Christian that shuts in death
Will open at once in bliss,
And the welcome will sound in the heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.”

It did not seem proper to obtrude my private afflictions upon those who may honor me by reading my “Notes of a Pastorate”; but, it may interest them to know that of the twenty-six persons who, for a longer or shorter time, have been members of my family, half of them are now in heaven, and the other half have homes of their own on earth. More than half of our seven children preceded their mother to the everlasting home. Incomparably, however, the greatest affliction of my whole life was her departure, for, during forty-

six blessed years she had been my chief blessing, my dependence, my crown, my glory. She embodied the highest type of Christian womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood. In the funeral sermon, preached by our son in the gospel, Rev. Ezra De Freest Simons, he truthfully said :

"She was worthy of being compared with the noble women whose names are celebrated in mission story. Her life was one long, sweet Psalm. Her death a triumphant entrance into the King's Palace."

Our pastor, Rev. L. M. Haynes, D. D., wrote of her :

"Although distinguished in her family connections, as the mother of ministers, in the church, where she was the pastor's wife for more than forty years, is the chief record of her useful career. The universal testimony there is willing witness to a service as beautiful in self-sacrifice, as it was unexampled in length."

Just before her ascension, with perfect calmness she prayed, "O Lord, if this is thy will, thy will be done. I leave them all with thee."

Soon afterwards, when the present was be-gloomed, and the earthly future seemed hopeless, this precious portion of Holy Scripture came to me like a fresh revelation. Job 11: 15, 16, 17: "Thou shalt be steadfast, and not fear; thou shalt forget thy misery,

and remember it, as waters that pass away; and thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day: thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning." What a cluster of promises! First, "Thou shalt be steadfast, and not fear." Second, "Thou shalt forget," what? Not thy sense of loss, not thy corrective discipline; but the "misery" of it; that "like waters" shall "pass away." Third, "Thine age," shall not be darkened, "It shall be clearer than the noon-day"; and finally, what a climax? "Thou" thyself, shall not be sad and miserable; but "shalt shine forth," bright and hopeful, "as the morning"! So, I sing:

"Not on me or mine, the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought;
 His funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
 The good die not.
 God calls our loved ones; but we lose not wholly
 What he hath given;
 They live on earth, in thought, and deed, as truly
 As they live in heaven."

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

PART FOURTH.

THE END.

“The things concerning me have an end.”—LUKE
22 : 31.

“The God of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me, on his fated rounds,
And said, ‘No more,’ ‘No more’ !

“‘No longer spread thy broad ambitious branches,
Nor thy roots. Fancy departs. No more invent.
Contract thy firmament,
To the compass of a tent.’

“As the bird trims him to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time ;
I man the rudder, furl the sail,
Obey the voice at even, as at prime.

“Lowly, faithful, banish fear—
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The past is well worth, the end is near,
And every billowy wave is charmed.

R. W. EMERSON.

PART FOURTH.

THE END.

I.

COMMEMORATIVE SERMON.

After an extensive revival in 1882, during which I baptized seventy converts, when greatly exhausted, I was stricken with pneumonia, which threatened fatal results; but they were averted by God's blessing upon the skillful services of my beloved family physician, Dr. E. S. Coburn. It left me, however, so debilitated, that I could preach only once a day during the two succeeding years. The kindness and patience of our people were wonderful. On the 13th of July, 1884, they commemorated our fortieth anniversary, upon which occasion I preached the following summing up sermon.

SERMON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years." Deut. 8: 2.

We are accustomed to speak of Moses as the leader of the Hebrew Nation. He never applied that title to himself; but evermore recognized Jehovah as the Supreme

Leader, both of himself and of the people. Therefore, as one of his farewell instructions, he bade them remember all the way which the Lord God had led them during those forty wonderful years.

When a student in the seminary at Hamilton, I received the following communication :

TROY, July 19th, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER BALDWIN :

The First Baptist Church, Troy, have directed me to extend a call to you to become their pastor, so long as a mutual understanding shall exist between yourself and them in that relation, which I have the pleasure to inform you is unanimous, and that the relation should commence at as early a day as can be consistent with your sense of duty.

They have also directed me to make known to you by a unanimous vote, that they will give you for your services at the rate of \$800 for the present year, ending on the first of May, 1845, payable quarterly. They choose rather not to name any sum beyond that time, with the strong hope and prayer to Almighty God, that your labors may be so blessed, that at the expiration of the year a more liberal sum may be given you.

And now, dear brother, may the Great Shepherd of the Church soon enable you to decide the important question presented to you, and may it be in accordance with the united and fervent prayer of the church.

Yours sincerely and affectionately in the bond of the gospel,
JOSEPH HASTINGS,

Special Committee in behalf of the Church.

From the date of this "call," you perceive that precisely the same period mentioned in our text has elapsed. Be it ours now, as best we can, to perform the duty specified, and remember at least in meagre outline, the way in

which the Lord our God hath led us during these forty years.

The ground on which we have worshiped during all this time, was conveyed as a gift from Jacob D. Vanderheyden and wife, in 1796, to this church, which had been organized in an upper room on River Street, October 15th, 1795; and upon it was erected a small building which was enlarged in 1817. In 1846, this edifice was built, and thoroughly repaired and beautified three years ago. The pastors who have served this church previous to 1844, were Reverends Charles J. Somers, Francis Wayland, Leland Howard, B. M. Hill, John Cookson, and L. O. Lovell. During these forty years, 1,805 persons have been received into the church by baptism; 586 by letter; 283 by experience, and 46 have been restored. Total 2,720. There have been dismissed from us 1,078 by letter; 416 dropped for absenteeism; 163 excluded, and 357 by death. Our present membership, as reported to our last Association, 716. During this period we have licensed twelve brethren to preach the gospel; had our representatives in the beloved Haswells on our foreign mission-fields, and contributed for the support of the gospel, at home and abroad, more than \$215,000.

It is with gratitude I record that the financial credit of this church and society has always been maintained. This has been owing partly to the liberality and promptitude of our people in sustaining our plan of systematic benevolence; partly to the efficiency of our trustees, and specially to our treasurer, Francis A. Fales, who was elected to that office, April 15th, 1855. For nearly thirty

years he has not only faithfully performed the duties of that office; but besides contributing liberally himself, has often advanced large sums of money to meet exigencies. And I bear grateful, public testimony, that he has not only paid his pastor's salary promptly, whether church funds were in hand or not, but sometimes, when needed, paid it before it was due. The relation of such unrewarded, and often unappreciated services, to the prosperity of a church, is most intimate, and I am sure the Head of the Church will remember them as they deserve. In connection with the Fifth Street Baptist Church, which was formed in 1843, by a devoted band of men and women dismissed from this church for that purpose, we have organized three other Baptist churches in this city, and always been in hearty practical sympathy with our beloved denomination in its efforts to extend the Kingdom of the Redeemer throughout the world. During this period your pastor has officiated at 2,118 weddings, and at about as many funerals.

With the passing years new forms of organized Christian activity have sprung up among us. To-day, in addition to a Board of Trustees of which A. M. Church is President and F. A. Fales, Treasurer; a Board of Deacons, of which Joseph DeGolyer and F. A. Sheldon are seniors, having been elected at the same time in 1861; a Sunday-school, of which William Shaw, Esq., is Superintendent; we have also a Board of Systematic Benevolence, of which Deacon R. Everingham is President, and H. G. Howe, Secretary; a Church and Sunday-school Missionary Society, of which F. H. Knox is President and

Daniel W. Ford, Treasurer, which position he has faithfully occupied fourteen years; a Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society, of which Mrs. A. M. Church is President, Mrs. J. L. Sugden, Secretary; an Industrial Society, of which Mrs. George Chapman is President, and Mrs. H. Losee is Secretary; a Covenant Band, which is an organization of our younger people for worship and for work, of which L. A. Wemple is President, and Mrs. Frank Stanley is Secretary; a Literary and Musical Union, of which George Shrauder is President and Miss Frances Crow is Secretary; a society called "Willing Workers," composed of our young sisters who sew and otherwise aid the poor, of which Lillie Chapin is President, Julia Harrison, Secretary; we have also our City Missionary, Miss Emmeline Hanna.

This church has cherished an interest in education, and I record with grateful pleasure that Jason C. Osgood, one of our trustees, and James Wager, who was both a trustee and a member of our church 39 years, and a laborer in our Sunday-school during over 30 years, each gave at one time \$1,200 to endow scholarships at Madison University, the seven per cent interest of which is to be perpetually devoted to aiding needy young men in obtaining an education. Wise, beneficent acts, were they not? In this way, each of them gives \$84 every year to one of the noblest objects of Christian benevolence. On the subject of temperance, I rejoice to say, that we have always stood in the front rank. We are grateful that members of this church were chiefly instrumental in the coming to Troy of that noble, truly Christian reformer, Francis

Murphy, God bless him! and that while he labored here we sustained him more devotedly than any other organization. And while some have gone farther, and many have fallen back from it, we stand to-day—"With malice towards none and charity for all," squarely on the Murphy pledge—of "*Total abstinence from all intoxicants as a beverage*," and I firmly believe, that if all temperance people would abandon ultraistic side issues, and stand unitedly, lovingly on that pledge, the day of the universal triumph of the sacred cause, with which all the social, civil and religious interests of society are identified, would be rapidly hastened.

It is a matter of very grateful remembrance, also, that when the armed forces aimed at the overthrow of our national government, seventy-five volunteers went from our congregation during the war, and joined the army. Ten of them never came back. Their precious bodies sleep in patriot graves.

"But never shall they rest unsung.
Twine Gratitude, a wreath for them
More fadeless than the diadem."

During all these years we have been earnest believers in revivals of religion, and in the use of legitimate means for their promotion. To this end we have often secured the aid of evangelistic services, which have been greatly blessed. And finally, it is with inexpressible satisfaction and joy, that I call to your remembrance the truth, that during all the agitations, broils, and strifes of these many years we have lived in peace among ourselves, we have kept the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; and

been entire strangers to the dissensions which so often mar and rend the body of Christ, and bring disgrace upon our blessed Christianity. You will bear witness that more and more we are realizing the New Testament ideal of a Christian church. That it is not a formal, cold, ecclesiastical organization, but a Christian family, of which God is the Father, Jesus the Elder Brother, and all of us, whatever our social positions or possessions, not in name only, but in fact, brothers and sisters—with equal rights and equal responsibilities, sharing mutual woes, bearing mutual burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

And now, in view of this mere outline of our history since 1844, proceed with me to consider some of the reflections which it suggests.

1. You feel, I am sure, that first of all, *humble, adoring gratitude is due from us to the Lord our God, who has thus led us these forty years.* Because this is so obvious I need not urge it. Suffice it to say, that if we remember favoring circumstances, we will not forget that he is God of providence. If we recall high degrees of efficiency among our people, we will not forget that all of our "sufficiency has been of him." If there has been continued planting and watering, full well we know that "he gave the increase." "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel; according to this time it shall be said of us, What hath God wrought?" As a public expression of the depth, tenderness, and fullness of our gratitude, I now pause, and ask all to arise and sing as never before:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

2. You feel also, I am sure, the duty of *gratefully remembering the men and women who bore our church burdens in the past, and have been transferred to the church triumphant*. Few know how much time, toil, tears, prayer, patience, and money it requires, in order that a church may grow up out of weakness into self-sustaining strength, and broad usefulness. Such service our departed did for us. They built and paid for the church property we now own. They kept the fires on God's altars here perpetually burning through seasons of adversity and often of severe trial. We have entered into the fruits of their labors, prayers, and benevolence. The great majority of those who were here forty years ago have long since gone. Three hundred and fifty-seven of them have died since then. What a congregation! My heart melts, my eyes grow dim with tears, as I remember them—as their beloved forms rise in my imagination! All of the Deacons who so cordially welcomed their young Pastor—Joseph Hastings, Calvin Warner, Abraham Numan, Gideon Buckingham, and Curtis Wilbur have long since entered into "the rest that remaineth." The trustees, who when this house was built, after giving and collecting all they could, found themselves to their amazement in debt \$14,000, which seemed a burden far too great for the church to carry, and was likely to utterly discourage it, made no report of their condition, but pledged their personal credit

for the security of the debt ; and thank God, they lived to see it all paid—these and hundreds more, one by one, bade us adieu, and have gone to the Father's house on high. I see them there, crowned, radiant with bliss, busy in high ministries ; and I am sure, that not one of that glorious throng now regrets the time he devoted, the tears he shed, the labor he performed, the money he gave, to promote the interests of the church he loved while on earth, and loves still, in heaven ! Of all who were members of the church in 1844, only 26, by actual count, are with us now ! All benedictions on you, dearly beloved ! God grant that you may long be spared to bless us with your presence, your counsels, your prayers and co-operation !

“One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.”

3. The experiences of these years has demonstrated *the relation between faithful church membership, and growth of personal character and usefulness*. As a result of these experiences and observation we know that the following are facts in actual life, confirmed by the testimony of all churches. It is a fact, that however truly one may become a Christian, his Christianity does not amount to much, either to himself or to others, unless he obeys Christ and publicly joins a Christian church. It is a fact, that the best Christians are the best church members ; and that those who are most loyal to the churches to which they belong, are most loyal to God and humanity elsewhere. It

is a fact, that those who keep in closest practical sympathy with these churches keep closest to God. It is a fact, that they who contribute most to Zion's prosperity find themselves most prosperous in spiritual development, and in widening usefulness. It is a fact, that they are the happiest, most hopeful Christians who can sing most honestly from their central hearts:

"I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

It is a fact, that they who in their zeal to promote merely moral reform, however good, neglect their church duties, violate their covenant obligations, generally backslide in religion, lose their spiritual power, and lessen their influence everywhere. It is a fact, that fidelity to church duties is not only compatible with, but a positive aid to, the faithful discharge of all duties elsewhere. Therefore, I beseech especially all the beloved young people whom I have baptized, who are "my crown and joy," to adopt the language of God's ancient people, and say to the church, which so cordially welcomed them to all its privileges: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

4. To those who doubt or disbelieve Christianity, I wish to bear testimony, that *the experiences of these forty years have confirmed our faith in its divinity*. In this testimony I am sure I express that of all our people. It is loudly claimed that infidelity is rapidly increasing in our country. I do not believe it. I admit, and rejoice in the fact, that with progressive science there is progressive disbelief of many of the traditional interpretations of our Holy Bible, progressive rejection of many of the dismal dogmas of superstition and churchianity; but I am sure that in essential Christianity, as embodied, taught, and lived by an adorable Saviour, there is growing faith, increasing confidence. I believe that Christian manhood commands a higher premium than ever before, and that the world's best thinkers and most practical workers are finding out that genuine Christianity meets the universal needs of all souls, reconstructs humanity into the very image of God, and that all else "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind." The perfect consistency between sound reason, true science, and pure revelation is being more and more comprehended. Therefore, from the altitude of nearly fifty years of reading, study, experience, and observation, I shout :

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Attack my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

Rejoice, O Christians of every name, that our common Christianity is spreading throughout the world to-day as

never before ; that its grand anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," is sung by more human voices than ever ; that its divine power is permeating and purifying all forms of personal and national life as never before ; that it is marching to universal victory, and will do so—

"Till the war-drum throbs no more,
And all battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

5. From this record of the past, we have also learned, *the compatibility of loyalty to individual churches, with true Christian catholicity, and practical unanimity among those who ecclesiastically differ.*

We have always abhorred narrow, bigoted sectarianism, as a form of intense selfishness, which has done more to injure Christianity than all infidelities. But we have always believed in a conscientious denominationalism, with its well-defined, positive faith, and firm, unyielding loyalty to Christ, *as it understands him*. We have maintained, as did our fathers, the inalienable right of every soul to worship God, according to the dictates of its own conscience, responsible neither to State or Church, minister or priest, but to God alone. Everybody who knows us, knows that we are strict Baptists ; that over this church has ever floated, amid storm and sunshine, our denominational banner, on which is inscribed, "*One Lord, one faith, and one baptism*"; and you will bear witness that during all these years, neither for frown or favor has it been

lowered one hairbreadth ; and our neighbors will testify, that this right to think and act according to our own understanding of God's word, which we have claimed for ourselves, we have cheerfully accorded to them ; and that we will defend them in the exercise of that, even when they differ from us, as readily as we would defend ourselves.

The result has been that, during all these forty years, we have dwelt in perfect peace with all the churches, of all the denominations ; and been ever ready to co-operate with them in Christian work. Since 1844 your pastor has personally known over three hundred ministers and missionaries of our own denomination, who have finished their earthly course. Sixty different pastors of different churches have come and gone from Troy. Of these, thirty-eight have died here and elsewhere. Thirty-eight judges and lawyers, and seventeen physicians, who practised their professions in this city, have died here and elsewhere. Our oldest pastor now is Rev. Father Peter Haverman, of St. Mary's Church, with whom I have been on terms of fraternal, neighborly friendship, for thirty years. One of the fundamental articles, as you know, of your pastor's personal creed is, "*that any religion that does not make a man a good neighbor is not worth a cent.*" Surely, friends, this record demonstrates the practicability of positive denominationalism with the broadest Christian charity, and sincerest Christian love to all who acknowledge the Supreme Lordship of him of the scarred brow—the world's Redeemer. Oh, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !" Surely it is, "as the dew of

Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Zion ; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." "By this," said our adorable Lord, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And one inspired apostle wrote, "Above all things, have fervent charity among yourselves." And another declared it to be "The bond of perfectness." Therefore, I pray the apostolic prayer, "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love, one toward another, and toward all men"; and that in this way at least our Lord's prayer may be answered. "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Finally, my brethren, let us not, amid these precious memories of the past, forget *that much of what was adapted to that past is not adapted to the living present*; and that we must keep step with the universal progress of this wonderful age. Truth itself, like its God, is changeless, eternal; but its development, means, and methods are changeable as the varying conditions of humanity. Above all, we shall be false to our history, if we do not more and more emphasize the fact, that the distinctive mission of a gospel church is not merely to provide social entertainments; or merely to teach pure moralities; or merely to promote moral reforms, or to minister to æsthetic taste for music, architecture, or oratory; but to sustain the public worship of Almighty God, to maintain the two simple, but expressive ordinances, Baptism and the Supper, established by Christ, which symbolize all the fundamental

facts of Christianity ; to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus ; to save lost souls—to bring wanderers back to their Father God—and to build up pure, intelligent, broad, Christ-like characters. Be assured, that the most apostolic, most divine church, is the church, whatever name it may bear, whatever its past history, or present doctrines and polity may be, which embodies most of Christ's spirit ; battles best against popular sins ; bears clearest testimony to the truth by reproducing it in Christian characters, and does most for poor, fallen, depraved humanity.

And now, dearly beloved people, believe me, while standing on this threshold, with youth and strong manhood behind me, and old age, with its limitations before me, but—with a stronger grasp of the scarred hand than ever before—I say of you, as Paul said of his brethren, “I have you all in my heart”—which is to-day “pressed” as a cart under the load of harvest sheaves, with undying memories of your patience, forbearance, sympathy, love, and ceaseless loyalty to me as your pastor during one whole generation and part of another ; and your continued kindness to my family ; on behalf of her, to whom, you know, that I am indebted, next to God, for whatever I have accomplished or become, whose grand motherhood embraces you all ; on behalf of our children in heaven, and on earth ; and on my own behalf,—I most profoundly thank you, and invoke upon you and your families the richest blessings which God can bestow. When, forty years ago, you called me to this pastorate, I said—but, oh, with how much fuller meaning, deeper tenderness, I say to-day :—

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." And may grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, be upon all his people, all his churches, and upon the whole world, whom the Father loved, and for whom Jesus died.

In the evening of the Commemoration, our neighboring churches were closed, and the gathering of the people was far beyond the capacity of our house to accommodate. The pulpit was occupied by twenty ministers. Deacon George Harrison presided. Scripture was read by my son-in-law, Prof. B. S. Terry, and prayers offered by my sons, Rev. Charles J. Baldwin and Rev. Geo. C. Baldwin, Jr. Felicitous addresses were delivered by H. C. Farrar, D. D., of the M. E. Church; Wm. Payley, D. D., of the Universalist Church; Hon. Martin I. Townsend, of the Presbyterian Church; and Rev. E. D. Simons, of the Baptist Church. Letters of congratulation were read by Wm. W. Whitman, Esq. Of all these precious letters I publish these three because they were written by brethren occupying such different positions, and illustrate the identity of the spirit of our common Christianity.

TROY, July 13th, 1884.

TO MR. HARRISON, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

You have done me the honor of inviting me to participate this evening in your rejoicing on account of the fortieth anniversary of the venerable Dr. Baldwin's pastorate in this city. Circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from being with you. I thank you for the great courtesy and kindness which you have manifested to me on this occasion, and on so many others, publicly and privately. During the past forty years many stirring events have occurred in our country and city, which at the time called forth all the influence which could be commanded. Dangerous occasions, and great crises, at times threatened the peace and happiness of us all. On these occasions I have often met you, and your honored pastor, and thus a friendship has grown up, and a common good feeling, which makes life pleasant and happy. I thank you and your pastor, who has so long presided over you, for the great kindness and respect for me, so often manifested, at times even when I had no right to expect it. He did me the honor of being present at my fifty years' jubilee as priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and, when I was occasionally sick, of not only inquiring about me, but personally visiting me at my residence. I, therefore, offer you this letter of apology for not being with you to-night, personally, and to congratulate you and your venerable pastor on this occasion of the fortieth year of his pastorate. May he long be allowed to enjoy in happiness and peace his venerable years, and the kind good will of his parishioners and citi-

zens of Troy *ad multos annos*, is my prayer for him to-night.

Most respectfully, your devoted friend in Christ,
PETER HAVERMANS,
Pastor of St. Mary's Church.

TROY, N. Y., July 5th, 1884.

DEAR DR. BALDWIN:

I exceedingly regret my inability to attend the next Sabbath service at your church. It cannot fail to be an occasion of deep interest to yourself and your people. A pastorate of forty years is so rare, that the circumstance alone renders it extraordinary. But in your case the interest is greatly increased by the consideration that during all these years you have labored with untiring zeal, patience, and devotion to the sacred trust, and yourself and people can now rejoice together over the beneficent results of such faithful service. That church, under your leadership, attended by the blessing of God, has become a power for good, so that its salutary influence is felt and acknowledged, not only in the city of Troy, but throughout the land. Your kindly relations with other religious denominations, and the personal friendships which you have formed, will preserve your memory in the grateful recollection of those friends long after you have passed to your reward. Please accept for yourself and people my kindest regards, with the sincere desire that you may live among us many years, and that your life may be serene and happy.

Truly your friend,
C. R. INGALLS,
Judge of the Supreme Court of N. Y.

NEW YORK, July 11th, 1884.

GEO. C. BALDWIN, D. D.,

MY DEAR GEORGE:—The Committee of Arrangements for your fortieth anniversary of pastoral work have favored me with an invitation to be present, which I am sorry to say, will not be in my power.

And now, this forty years—I am as him that dreams. Is there no mistake in the reckoning? Do I not remember your old meeting-house, hearing Jacob Knapp preach in it? And did I not hail you as a bright, beautiful young man, just consecrating your fresh, pure, and vigorous life to the man of Nazareth? All that was yesterday, George, not forty years ago. At that time forty years was a vast vista, opening its long-drawn lesson like an unborn eternity. And I am not forty years older, nor are you. The world says we are, the time-tables say so, our heads say so, but the inner heart says “No,” and the head shakes and says “No,” when the heart is talking, but when it stops all is still again, and the heart whispers to itself, so that the head cannot hear it, and says: “Yes, I am.” And, oh, what years they have been with you, George! Who is left? Count them. I would, but my eyes fill and I cannot see the figures. What battles fought, and conquests gained; what harvests sown and reaped; what hopes fostered and realized! In my heart of hearts I kiss you. Forty years our hearts have beaten together, throb by throb, without once stopping, or parting, or suspending the vital love of brotherhood; and my own heart beats as warm, as strong, as true to-day as when I grasped your hand the first time, in a heavy rain-

storm on the ground of a camp-meeting. That day you were wifeless, childless, churchless, asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and where? Then God gave you Troy and such a wife, and such sons, and so many precious souls! Oh! how heaven and earth have enriched themselves out of the lessons of those forty years. There are more than "two bands." And when next Sabbath comes, and your gentle Lord asks, "Lacked ye anything?" your church will say, "Nothing, Lord"—and your precious children will answer, "Nothing Lord"—and yourself and your loving wife will bow with them all, and your heart will take up the response, "Nothing, Lord, nothing." God bless you, precious one. My soul, with yours, is full; our cups run over. I dare say no more. Count me with you in spirit.

Yours affectionately, THOS. ARMITAGE,
Pastor Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, N. Y.

II.

THE RESIGNATION.

While it is true that physical disabilities unfitted me for this responsible position, it is not the whole truth. It is equally true that had my health been robust, the time came when God gave me to see that the church, which was and still is "dear to me as the ruby drops of my heart," needed a new, strange, different pastor;

and that it was as really my duty and privilege to resign, as it had been to accept this pastorate forty-one years ago. David said, "I am as a wonder unto many;" and truthfully I say, that I am "a wonder" to myself; and evermore I shall adore the "Lord Jesus, who counted me faithful, putting me into that exalted position, and inexpressibly grateful to his people, whose sympathy, helpfulness, and patience sustained me in it during the life-time of one and a-third generations. Therefore, having notified them in the spring that I should do so, I sent the following to the church, October 30th, 1885, which, after a generous delay, was accepted with no expressions save those of tender sympathy and love.

TO THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH TROY, N. Y.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS :

Ever since my dangerous illness, more than two years ago, I have been physically unable to perform the full duties of your pastorate, and have often seriously thought of resigning it. So seriously did I think of it, a year ago last spring, before the Commemoration on the 13th of July, that distrusting my own judgment I consulted with leading ministers of our Association as to what I ought to do. They unitedly and emphatically advised me not to resign, holding that the length of my pastorate made it exceptional. Seventeen months have passed since that consultation, and I find my disability not merely remaining, but

having become, probably, permanent. Moreover, last week I entered upon my sixty-ninth year, and at that age physical disabilities are far more likely to increase than decrease. I cannot consent, therefore, to tax your abundant generosity any longer.

For this cause, with all the gratitude and love of which I am now capable, I now and hereby resign to you the sacred office of pastor, which has been my crown and glory during forty-one blessed years, and ask that this resignation be unanimously accepted this evening.

In reply to many kind inquiries as to my plans for the future, I make answer: Having been positively assured that it is the cordial desire of all of our people and of our neighbors generally that "the mother" and I should continue to reside in the city, and believing it to be the will of God as well as the wish of our friends, we have concluded to remain in our dear old home at No. 101 Fifth Street; retain our membership with you, and myself declining all official positions and relations, abide among you as long as shall seem duty, simply "as one that serveth," and by God's grace, ready "to do good to all" as I may have "opportunity." And now may "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit" abide with you always.

Forever yours in Christ,

GEORGE C. BALDWIN.

TROY, October 30, 1885.

III.

THE ACTION OF THE CHURCH.—ITS TESTIMONIAL.

Subsequently, at an exceptionally large and full regular church meeting, the following document, prepared by William Shaw, Esq., was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

TESTIMONIAL.

A ministry of forty-one years, crowded with abundant labors, and crowned with the divine benediction, has been brought to a close. The waning health of our beloved pastor has compelled us at last to yield to his desire for rest. And with an affection and gratitude that must forever hereafter be to him the very essence of heavenly love, we have reluctantly consented to sever the official relations which, during almost half a century, have made this church and its pastor "one and inseparable."

In this supreme moment, when history is fast forming its unchangeable records, we, the members of the First Baptist Church of Troy, as an expression of our unbounded appreciation and love, and for the purpose of fitly marking this great event in our church history, do hereby unanimously adopt the following

MEMORIAL:

On the 9th day of July, 1844, this church, without a dissenting vote, called to its pastorate our beloved pastor, Rev. George C. Baldwin, D. D. This call was accepted,

and in the following August, in all the vigor of youth, he entered upon his duties. He brought with him his young wife, and together they settled down in this community to a work that has since become immortal. Through all the changes and vicissitudes of forty-one years they have remained at their post of duty, he the faithful and devoted pastor, and she his beloved companion, the recognized mother of the church.

To-day, as we look back over the track of years, we behold the evidences of our pastor's marvelous work all about us, and our hearts are filled with gratitude and joy at the results accomplished. This strong and prosperous church—its great spiritual influence and power—the high rank it holds in the community and denomination, and, above all, the large number of precious souls who have here been brought into the kingdom, attest the greatness of his ministry. We look beyond the church, and find his hands and brain have been busy in every field of human effort and need. In this community, where his active life has been spent, he is venerated and loved in every household. In the State, and throughout this vast country, from sea to frontier, he is everywhere known and honored, while in the great denomination of which he is so distinguished a champion, his influence is unbounded, and his very name a "tower of strength."

We, who have been so highly favored with his personal friendship and presence, recall with pride and gratitude his long and devoted ministry—his tireless labors, his

earnest words of exhortation and sympathy, his unselfish love, his matchless loyalty to Christ and to his church—and we thank God to-night for the priceless gift of such a pastor, and for the heavenly favor of such an extended and fruitful pastorate.

While we deeply regret the sundering of the official ties so long and so happily existing, we nevertheless rejoice in the assurance that our beloved pastor's work in our midst is not ended. The watch-fires lighted by his devoted hands will still burn and glow with undiminished brilliancy, and in all the years to come their flashing light will show the way to the spiritual encampment of God's redeemed and chosen people. Here on earth, and on the sun-lit shores of heaven, his work must still go on. Others may carry the banner, other forms crowd to the front; but his spirit, conscious and alert, will inspire our zeal, and lead us in every movement having for its object the good of humanity and the glory of God. Could the sainted dead of forty-one years, now clothed in immortality, speak to us to-night, with one voice they would join all our living membership in paying this grateful tribute to the worth and work of him whose apostolic ministry will forever be the joy and glory of the church.

And now, in view of all that our pastor has been to us, and as a substantial and deserved recognition of his long and remarkable service, during which age and physical weakness have taken the place of youth and

strength, we, the members of the First Baptist Church of Troy, regularly convened and duly organized, do hereby unanimously tender and agree to pay to our beloved pastor, Rev. George C. Baldwin, D. D., an annuity during the remainder of his life of \$1,200, to date from the first day of November, 1885, and to be paid out of the general funds of the church, in regular quarter-yearly instalments. And we do hereby make the payment of said annuity a charge upon the church and its property, and direct our Board of Trustees and Church Treasurer to pay the same in the manner herein set forth.

FRANK H. KNOX,
Church Clerk.

J. T. WALTERMIN,
Deacon Presiding.

Troy, N. Y., November 13, 1885.

IV.

RETIREMENT PASTORS.

“O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! Ye are one—
Who may not work, may not fulfill
The harder task, of standing still.”

WHITTIER.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

“It is better that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within

them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. . . . Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny; for it is destiny."—LONGFELLOW.

It is generally believed that a retired pastor ought to remove from the church he has served, because it is assumed to be an impossibility for him to remain and be loyal to his successor. That there should have been occasion for this belief, I hold to be disgraceful to the ministry, and dishonoring to Christianity. I have always held that it is not only a possibility, but a high privilege for one in that position, to be the most helpful of all his church members to the pastor. I shall be pardoned, therefore, if I give here, what was written by my successor and pastor, L. M. S. Haynes, D. D., and published by him in "The Examiner," of April 7th, 1887:

"Dr. Baldwin has demonstrated that an ex-pastor of forty-one years' standing can love and help his successor. Our relations are delightful. The church is thoroughly united."

It is dangerous to an old tree to transplant it. And it must be painful for an old minister to remove from

his familiar associations with a place, a community, a church. But, if he cannot honestly accept the position, with all its limitations; if he has neither the manliness or grace to serve as faithfully in the humble sphere, as he did in the exalted one, then for "Zion's sake," and to preserve the honor of his own name, he ought at once "to fold his tent, like the Arab, and *silently* steal away." How many and mighty are the motives which should induce in him, not merely acquiescence to the inevitable, but cheerful, grateful acceptance of it!

Memories of the covenant faithfulness of God and his people ought to shed a warm halo over all the long past; gratitude for what of health and strength remain, both to enjoy and serve in lowlier ministries, ought to inspire with serene courage; and above all, the opportunity of showing that beneath lengthening shadows the fruits of the Spirit may grow more and more richly, ought to give "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," keeping his heart from murmuring or desponding.


Two hundred years ago Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, planted a pear tree, which still bears fruit, whose flavor cannot be distinguished from that of a young tree.

Dr. Peabody thus beautifully states the precious

truth: "The growth of character need not be arrested, suspended, or retarded by any earthly vicissitude. It ripens in late autumn. It mellows under the frosts of the declining life-year. When the steps become feeble, the memory treacherous, and the active powers the mere shadow of what they were, the love of God and man, submission and resignation, faith and truth, may still be in the ascendant; and the years when there shall be no longer the capacity for pursuits that begin and end on earth, may find the soul still advancing in its heavenward career, its evening shadows glowing in the morning twilight of the unending day. This may be verified by the words of the prophet, when as to things earthly, on the once fruitful vine there shall be left only "two or three berries on the top of the uppermost bough, four or five on the outmost branches; but in that day a man shall look to his Maker, and his eyes have respect to the Holy One of Israel."

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Amen!

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